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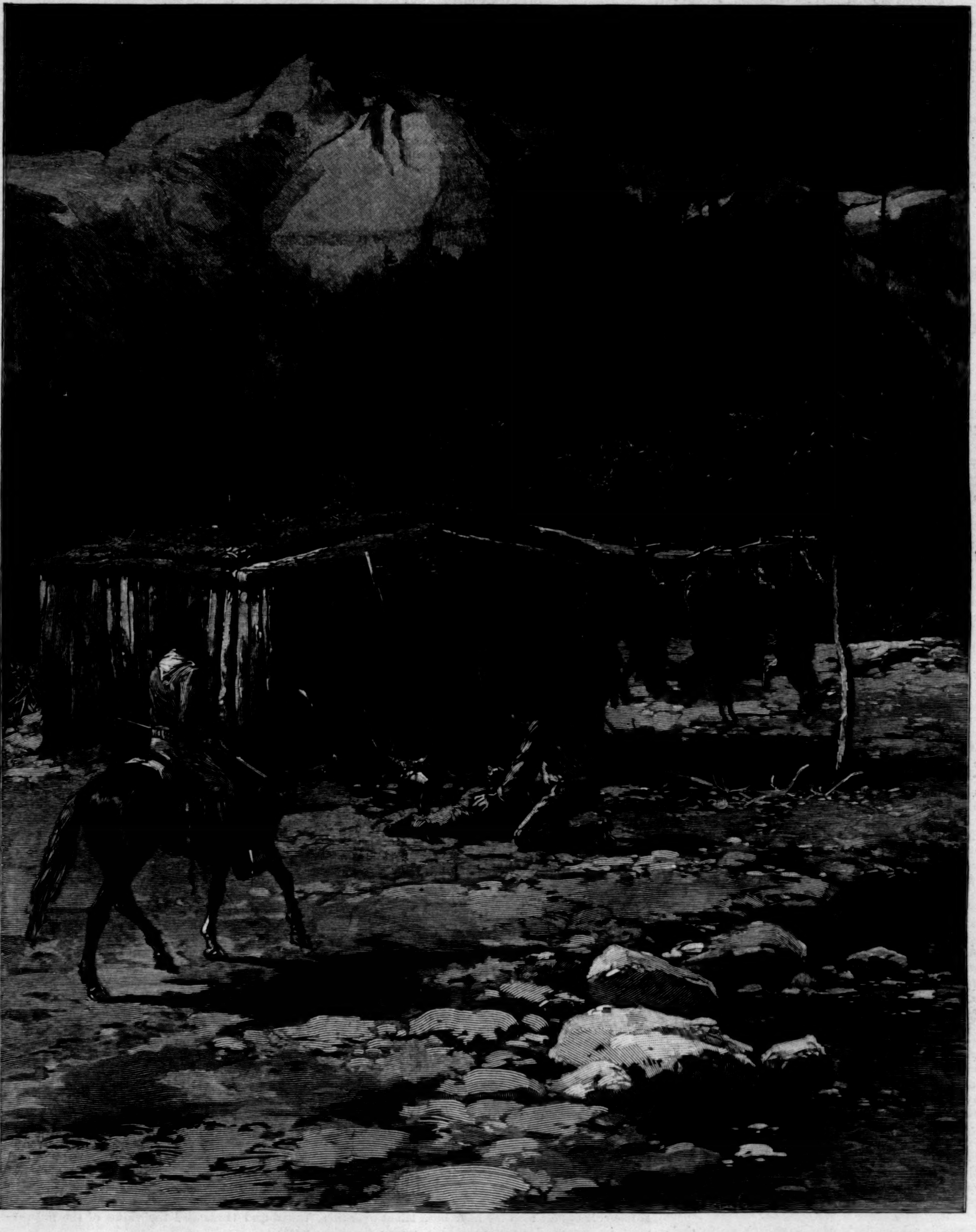

A HUNTER'S "SHACK" IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 307.]

THE LIFE OF

BISHOP SIMPSON.

LIFE OF BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By GEORGE R. CROOKS, D.D. Illustrated. Over 500 pages. 8vo, Cloth, $3 75.

Matthew Simpson's life is one of singular interest. Men who heard his greatest efforts in the pulpit and on the platform love to recall the impressions, too deeply stamped in memory ever to fade away, which the mighty sweep of his oratory created; but his oratorical triumphs, wonderful and thrilling as they were, form by no means the sole attractive feature of his career. His biographer has described those triumphs with great fulness and felicity; but he has given other chapters of scarcely inferior interest, and formed altogether a remarkable picture of a remarkable personality.

Bishop Simpson's character as a man, his deep human sympathy, his purity of nature, his modesty, his large knowledge of men and his wide influence over them, his gentleness and his firmness, form elements with which the author has made a picture of extraordinary charm and interest. If the biographer is fortunate in his subject, the subject is fortunate in the biographer. Dr. Crooks was a life-long friend of Bishop Simpson, having himself the genius which recognizes genius, and the literary power to describe and analyze it; he is a fine scholar, a man of large and accurate knowledge of the Methodism of Simpson's day, and an author of wide reputation. His style is characterized by great vigor and chasteness. He never loses his grasp of a subject, is never obscure, and never allows his narrative to become dull or wearisome.

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THE TARIFF IN POLITICS.

THAT the struggle to agree upon a protective tariff should have a great effect upon parties is not surprising, and there are shrewd observers who anticipate from the present situation even party reconstruction. A tariff for revenue is a tax which is paid with general acquiescence. It is indirect, and an indirect tax is more acceptable. But a tariff for protection is not laid for necessary public expenses and the general benefit, but for private and individual advantage. It is determined not by general principles, but by arbitrary considerations, by the pressure of particular interests, and by bargains and compromises of every kind. A theory of principle may be advanced as the basis of "scientific" protection. It may be alleged that the tariff should be adjusted to the capacity of a country to produce, and that what it cannot produce should be admitted free. But however plausible a theory of principle as applied to protection may be, the familiar fact is that a tariff is the result of the eager effort of various manufacturing interests to exclude foreign competition.

Each interest is the judge of its own desires, which are called necessities, and each gets what it can. The contest is one of individual greed, and therefore disappointment is very apt to breed a dangerous spirit. If one interest cannot secure what it wishes, it is ready to prevent another interest from succeeding. Fidelity to what is called the principle of protection does not reconcile a disappointed interest to a tariff from whose advantages it is excluded. Western cattlemen may have given money to aid the election of a protectionist Congress, with the understanding that in the event of success its interests should be considered by a high duty on hides. The leather manufacturing interest, equally favoring such a Congress, may be persuaded that its prosperity demands the free admission of hides. Here is a difference that cannot be reconciled, and as it is vital in the opinion of both sides, a party which depends upon harmony of view as to the details of a tariff as well as the policy of protection is at once in peril. If Republicanism means free hides, why should Western cattlemen be Republicans? If it means an increase of the cost of leather manufacturing, why should leather manufacturers be its strong partisans? This is the practical view of politics, and this is the danger of imposing as a fundamental principle upon a party organized to withstand the extension of slavery, the adjustments and contests and exasperations of a tariff to promote individual business interests.

There is a large body of citizens who retain their Republican connection and name, but who are in no sense high protectionists. They see that the opposition to general political progress and reform of administration usually proceeds from the Democratic party. As such a Republican in New York recently remarked, "We make a poor show at Washington, but we are doing well at Albany." So long as that is true, so long as the measures affecting public order and honest politics which commend themselves to intelligent and upright citizens are mainly proposed and supported by Republicans, such citizens will not cast Democratic votes to show their approval of a more reasonable tariff policy. Yet if there were general confidence that the real sentiment of the Democratic party favored the measures which are usually associated with tariff reform, the party reconstruction which a violent tariff agitation would promote would seem more probable.

NEW YORK CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE Constitution of New York provides that in each twentieth year after 1866, at such time as the Legislature may by law provide, the question shall be submitted at the general State election "Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same?" The Legislature discharged this duty in 1886–7, but the Governor on various pretexts has interfered, and prevented the assembly of the Convention. Upon him falls the entire responsibility of preventing the revision of the Constitution. The Constitution provides no method of enforcing its mandate. It evidently assumes that no obstacle would be offered to so plain, so important, and so imperative a direction, wholly in the interest of the people of the State. If the Legislature had omitted for partisan reasons in the year 1886 to obey the direction of the Constitution, its failure would have been the chief issue at the next election. But it did its duty, and by a vote of 575,000 to 30,000, the people declared their desire to hold a Convention. The popular will has thus far been baffled.

But a bill has been again introduced in the Legislature providing for a Convention to be held in January, 1891, and if the Governor or anybody else takes the responsibility of defeating it, it will be a very serious step. The Legislature is Republican and the Governor is a Democrat, and they have been very busy in trying to put each other "in a hole." But that little game must not be permitted to interfere with so serious a matter as the assembly of a Constitutional Convention which the people have demanded in pursuance of the fundamental law. The Republican Legislature will probably take care that its party does not suffer in the method of election for the Convention. The Governor will be equally anxious that his party friends shall have every advantage possible. But this contention must not defeat the Convention. It is a situation that will always exist, because there will be always a party majority in the Legislature. The Governor indeed may be of the majority party, but his duty to the State does not differ. Some method of election must be provided, and the Governor's difference of opinion upon such methods, unless they are plainly unconstitutional, does not justify his refusal to obey the Constitution.

One result of the delay hitherto will be to shorten materially the time between the Convention which would assemble under the proposed law and the next Convention upon which the people would be consulted. That would be in 1906, only sixteen years hence. The first Constitution of the State of New York was adopted April 20, 1777. In 1801 the question of the spoils of patronage had produced such angry controversy that a Convention was called to determine the relative powers of the Governor and Council of Appointment respecting nominations for office, and also to fix the number of Senators and Assemblymen. AARON BURR was President of the Convention. In 1821 a Convention drew up a new Constitution, abolishing, without a dissenting voice, the Council of Appointment, which had made mere party plunder of the State service, and in February, 1822, the new Constitution was adopted. In 1846 another Convention submitted a Constitution, which was adopted by a very great majority. But the proposition of equal suffrage for colored citizens was rejected by a vote of 223,834 to 85,306. In 1867 another Convention met, but its Constitution was rejected. The unwritten law of the State is an opportunity of constitutional revision every twenty years. The Governor's veto prevented it three years ago. It is to be hoped that he will not again prevent it.

LORD ROSEBERY'S REMARK.

LORD ROSEBERY, who is regarded as the favorite lieutenant of Mr. GLADSTONE, made a very significant remark in a recent speech at Edinburg, "I believe that the next election, whenever it comes and whatever result it may have, will, in all probability, for our generation at least settle the Irish question." Mr. SMALLEY says, in the *Tribune*, that the English Home-rule organs thus far have been silent over this most important declaration, which, under the circumstances, may be regarded as something more than the expression of an individual opinion. Yet it can hardly be supposed to represent Mr. GLADSTONE's feeling or purpose. At the end of his public career he has identified himself with a national policy designed to settle the oldest and most difficult of British public questions. His devotion to it has cost him the headship of the government, it has divided his party, and has exposed him to bitterer denunciation and hatred than any English statesman of recent years has encountered. When he took his position he was apprized immediately that public opinion did not support him, and it seems to be impossible that he should now say that if another election should show that opinion to be still hostile, he would abandon the measure.

That is not the way in which English political progress has been achieved. In a country in which the will of the people is the real government, the appeal to the popular conscience and judgment in favor and elucidation of great measures and policies never ceases until they are victorious at the polls. It is "unthinkable" that COBDEN and BRIGHT in the midst of the Corn-law agitation should have abandoned it if an election had gone against them. The Republican leaders in this country could no more have permitted the election of BUCHANAN to settle the policy of slavery extension than the reverse at Fredericksburg to dissolve the Union. Yet Lord ROSEBERY's words in regard to the Home-rule movement admit no other interpretation than its abandonment if the elections should show that public opinion is not yet ripe. He says of the election, "Whatever result it may have," whether for or against the GLADSTONE policy, "it will settle for our generation at least the Irish question." He may mean that Mr. GLADSTONE's vigor could hardly continue until another election, and that there would be no leader to replace him. But this would only explain the immediate occasion of abandonment. It would not affect the abandonment itself.

Lord ROSEBERY's remark is, at least, an expression of his own view, and if of his, then probably of other GLADSTONE leaders. It is plain that Lord ROSEBERY contemplates a reunion of the Liberal party, and the Edinburgh *Scotsman* so understands him. But the division has been so pronounced and sharp that a reunion would necessarily set aside the chief Gladstonians, and leave the Liberal Unionists in control. The Liberal schism in England has gone much farther than the GREELEY schism of 1872 in the ranks of the Republican party in this country. That movement ended with the campaign and the death of Mr. GREELEY, and many of its leaders, or the mugwumps of '72, have long been accepted leaders of the party from which for that campaign they separated. But the abandonment of Home-rule as a present issue by the friends of Mr. GLADSTONE—by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. MORLEY, for instance—would be a verdict upon their political acumen and judgment from which it would take time to rally. Whatever may be the real purport of Lord ROSEBERY's remark, it is of the highest significance.

THE RHODE ISLAND ELECTION.

THE late election in Rhode Island was another vindication of the value of the reformed ballot system. There was general satisfaction, except that some votes were unable to be cast because of want of proper calculation of time. One of the conditions of proper voting anywhere is the division of the voters into small precincts, that the ballots may be promptly and accurately canvassed. Mr. ACKER, in the bill he has introduced in the New York Legislature, proposes precincts of three hundred voters each, which is large enough. In Rhode Island some of the Providence polling places are said to have received more than two thousand votes. But the details had been so thoroughly explained that the difficulty was not serious except at a few points. This trouble, however, can be easily remedied. In no State has there been believed to be greater corruption of the election than in Rhode Island. But it is agreed that under the new system the election was singularly honest. It is one of the States which retain the annual choice of State officers, a system which has been found elsewhere to be very inconvenient and needlessly expensive.

It is evident from the elections of the last few years in Rhode Island that the State has passed out of the list of undoubted Republican communities. For many years the Providence *Journal* was one of the chief Whig and subsequently Republican papers in New England. Senator ANTHONY was its editor, and he was a very powerful politician in the State. There was, in fact, none more powerful in the country, according to the extent of his realm. The independent attitude assumed by the *Journal* soon after his death, which has been ably and vigorously maintained, was a very significant sign of a situation which the paper itself had largely produced and has effectively developed. The *Journal* holds a pre-eminence in Rhode Island which is not paralleled by any paper in any other State. It has admirably illustrated and vindicated the value of the independent press.

The law of Rhode Island requires election by a

majority of all the votes cast. Under this rule there was no election by the people, and the Legislature will elect the State officers. The majority of the Legislature will be determined by the choice of members yet to be made, and the partisan result is by no means certain. In any case the Legislature will be very close. The political situation of the State is suggestive to intelligent Republicans. Why has Rhode Island ceased to be undoubtedly Republican? How much of its present Republican vote is due merely to name and tradition? How many of the younger voters who are free from the glamour of tradition incline to the Democratic side? How much of the old Republican conviction and enthusiasm remain among Republicans? How much of the old spirit will be recovered by a service pension law, by laws like the BLAIR and LODGE bills, by a war tariff in peace, by the needless accumulation and reckless diffusion of a vast surplus? These are questions which undoubtedly occur to many earnest and thoughtful men, who like neither the Democratic name nor tradition, but who are aware that the questions and parties of to-day are not those of yesterday, and that a Democrat like Mr. CLEVELAND has little in common with Democrats like TOOMBS, or DAVIS, or the old body-guard of slavery. These questions and the figures and facts of the Rhode Island election are among the signs which we mention elsewhere.

BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON.

ONE of the conspicuous patriotic figures of the war, and one of the most noted of recent pulpit orators in this country, was Bishop MATTHEW SIMPSON, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose biography by the Rev. Dr. GEORGE R. CROOKS is just published by the HARPERS. It is a work of deep affection upon the part of the author, who has evidently spared no time or labor in careful inquiry among all available sources of information, and who writes with fulness of knowledge and sympathy. The result is a work of general interest, as well as of peculiar value to Bishop SIMPSON's religious communion.

To the general reader it is the truly American picture of a poor boy of generous and aspiring nature and of natural rectitude, happily directed by a wise mother and uncle, gradually rising by his own energy through the various and engrossing duties of a teacher, a Western Methodist preacher and pastor of churches, and the itineracy of forty or fifty years ago, to the highest official station in his Church, and the universal regard and respect of the community.

It is a simple, frank, manly, sturdy character which is revealed to us, deeply in earnest, and exercising over other minds a very unusual influence. The Bishop's genius lay in his eloquence, which according to the testimony of many witnesses was extraordinary. The illustrations and descriptions do not, of course, convey any adequate impression of it, except in the evident enthusiasm and exaltation of the hearers. He had plainly the magnetic gift of speech, which is as certain as that of music to the receptive ear and heart. Those who remember the impression of his address at the Academy in New York during the war, and of his eulogy of GARFIELD at the meeting in London, will readily believe that he was the orator whom Dr. CROOKS describes. The impress of his hearty, healthful, vigorous nature is plain upon every page of the book, and his household of faith will find in it instructive and vivid pictures of the controversies which agitated the Church during the Bishop's time. The familiar phrase, "the good Bishop," rises naturally to the lips in speaking of him. But simultaneously also every true-hearted American will add, "the good citizen."

JOAN OF ARC.

THE gradual disappearance of famous historical legends is one of the consequences of modern research and accuracy of investigation. Romulus and Remus and the wolf vanished many years ago. Robin Hood and William Tell, as our romantic story knew them, are gone. The POCAHONTAS of fifty years ago has become almost invisible, and the fine legend of Hadley in the valley of the Connecticut, the appearance of the majestic white-haired stranger in the midst of the Indian attack, who rallies the dismayed villagers and leads them to victory, has been traced to a reported story in a foot-note of HUTCHINSON's history.

The most recent victim of remorseless research is Joan of Arc. A letter in the New York *Times* states that M. LESIGNE has published a learned work in which the whole subject is dispassionately reviewed with the aid of all available documents, many of which have been hitherto unknown. In this fatal light of greater knowledge, the heroic and martyred maiden appears as an excellent married woman, living happily to old age, and of very unimportant military service.

The letter adds that Republicans and Clericals, who have been long quarrelling for the possession of the prestige for their own side respectively of the renown of the miraculous maid, all unite in deploring the attempt to destroy popular faith in so lovely a figure and so inspiring a tradition. This is a charming plea for the validity of fable as against truth. It should be urged with fervor for faith in the works of the Rev. MASON WEEMS, to whom we owe the inestimable legend of the boy WASHINGTON and his hatchet.

THE COPYRIGHT BILL.

THE friends of the pending international copyright bill are vigorously pressing it upon the attention of Congress. But it is very difficult to bring it to a vote. It passed the Senate last year, but it was not taken up in the House. The project suffers not so much from opposition as from Congressional indifference. It belongs to that class of legislation which involves no political or partisan feeling, and without hostility members of Congress suffer it to lie because they are not especially interested to bring it forward.

There has been a report that Mr. GLADSTONE was opposed to it, and the prestige of his name has been used to the detriment of the bill by those who, for some reason, do not desire its passage. But Mr. R. A. JOHNSON, the Secretary of the American Copyright League, has received the following letter from Mr. GLADSTONE, which disposes of the report of his hostility:

"HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, *March* 25, 1890.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I set so high a value upon the recognition by the United States of the principle of international copyright, a principle which has been now almost universally adopted in Europe, that although I regret some of the provisions of the bill now before Congress, I cannot refuse to express my sympathy with the efforts which American authors have so perseveringly made to procure legal protection for the rights of foreign authors, and my hope that these efforts may be speedily crowned with success. Imperfect as the present bill is, it will, if I rightly read its provisions, place both American and non-American authors in a more equitable position than they have hitherto occupied.

"It is quite erroneous to suppose that I have formed any opinion in favor of the royalty scheme as against this bill.

"I remain, my dear sir, faithfully yours, W. E. GLADSTONE."

It is not surprising that Mr. GLADSTONE regrets some of the provisions of the bill, because the bill is a compromise of various views, and like all compromises, involves some surrender which others of its sincere friends may regret. But Mr. GLADSTONE sees what all its friends see, that it is a decided step forward. It places authors in a more equitable position, and it relieves the American people of an exceedingly disagreeable imputation. If some Senator or Representative who understands the value of the bill, and there are many such, would interest himself in forwarding action upon it, there is little reason to doubt that Congress would respond to the wishes of all those who are most interested in the passage of the bill.

ICHABOD!

THE incomparable singing of PATTI recalls the great days of the Italian opera, but there seems to be a general conviction that those days are not likely to return. Forty years ago TRUFFI and BENEDETTI, singing in *Lucia* at the Astor Place Opera-house, satisfied fully the musical taste of the town, as a few years before GRISI and MARIO satisfied Europe. But now even PATTI singing *Lucia* at the Metropolitan Opera-house, while she arouses enthusiasm by her marvellous vocalization, cannot restore the charm of the opera itself. Nothing shows more plainly the change in public musical taste than the comments which followed her recent performance.

The *Tribune* said:

"DONIZETTI's *Lucia* is ill-fitted to bear the strain of many years of longer wear.... Thousands who have yawned year after year over the sorrows of the grief-smitten Edgardo will go to yawn again, except when PATTI is filling the air with the sweetest of sounds ....Sumptuous setting is not required in these times for such a thing of shreds and patches—the frayed and threadbare raiment of a less exacting day. That musical garment was formerly draped about a figure which then had some excuse for being. But the spirit and the life have long since fled, and the dreary ghosts of SCOTT's least substantial romance merely squeak and gibber and wave fleshless arms among the pale shadows of a phantom opera."

The *Times* said:

"It would be a sheer waste of words to attempt serious comment on a presentation of this work, for the opera is without dramatic sense, although it contains plenty of pretty music. People do not appear to care whether *Lucia* is well done or not."

These remarks express undoubtedly the general feeling. The fashion of the Italian opera, but not the love of melody, is passing away. PATTI is perhaps the last of the line of modern singers of which CATALANI was the first, and already the decline of her voice is marked by the relentless critics.

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

A PENSION bill which will take a great deal of money from the Treasury and open the way to still further drafts, and which is very like a bill that President CLEVELAND vetoed, with the approval of many leading Republican journals, should not be passed by the House of Representatives in the dark or in a corner. But an attempt was recently made to pass the bill under a suspension of the rules, and under circumstances which seemed to show that advantage was taken of the absence of opponents of the measure, due to the understanding that the day would be devoted to special business.

Undoubtedly it is the duty of legislators to be present and attending to their duty. But it is equally the duty of honorable legislators not to try for snap judgments upon questions of the highest public importance. The laws in this country are intended to embody the will of the people. But when upon subjects involving a great expenditure of the public money, the sentiment of the people is known to be closely divided, honest dealing requires a fair consideration of the views of all sides. Mr. MOORE, of New Hampshire, however, seemed to be the only Republican who was willing to secure fair play by preventing a sudden passage of the bill without debate, under a suspension of the rules.

It is, undoubtedly, generally thought to be very foolish not to seize every possible advantage in the game of legislation. But that view does not affect in the least the fact that the ordinary rules of fair play are as binding in legislation as elsewhere. The subject of pensions is one of the highest importance, and its adjustment to the public satisfaction requires deliberate consideration. Senators FRYE and HAWLEY sounded the party alarm in the Senate, and the majority of the House will satisfy the country more by frank debate of the bill now pending than by watching for a chance to suspend the rules and "rush it through."

EX-SPEAKER RANDALL.

THE death of ex-Speaker RANDALL had been long expected, and the news was received without surprise. Mr. RANDALL was a strong partisan, and a very able parliamentarian, but his name will survive in our history chiefly for his patriotic and clear-sighted official action at the time of the disputed election of Mr. HAYES and the action of the Electoral Commission. It was a time of extraordinary excitement and peril, during which the course of many public men revealed their essential quality in a manner which no subsequent action could affect.

The appointment of the Electoral Commission and the faithful adherence to its action was one of the most signal proofs of patriotic good sense. It was perfectly easy in many ways and for many persons to have precipitated civil war. In such an emergency it was exceedingly fortunate for the country that General GRANT was President, Mr. TILDEN the candidate of his party, and Mr. RANDALL Speaker of the House. The character and patriotism of all of them were thoroughly proved, and secured the public peace. In and out of Congress there were all kinds of ready suggestions and theories and appeals, and the situation was a strain along the very patriotic fibre of the country.

The conclusion of the contest in Congress came so near the expiration of the actual term of the Presidency, that the result could have been easily changed by the action of the Speaker. If he had followed the counsels and wishes of the hot-heads of his party, and by parliamentary delays had prolonged final action, the issue would have passed beyond peaceful adjustment. But Mr. RANDALL, as Speaker, kept the faith, and the most critical moment in our history since the shot at Sumter was safely passed. This patriotic service can never be forgotten in estimating the public career of Mr. RANDALL.

PERSONAL.

THE recent burning of HORACE GREELEY's house on the old farm at Chappaqua was in a certain sense a public calamity, for many of Mr. GREELEY's letters and manuscripts were lost in the flames. Fortunately one valuable letter from President LINCOLN, authorizing Mr. GREELEY to try and negotiate peace with the South during the war, was out of the house, and escaped cremation. The house was built in 1870, on the farm which was the scene of Mr. GREELEY's far-famed bucolic experiences, but was not the house "back in the woods," which bore a much earlier date, and where the great editor loved to entertain his friends. This cottage was burned in 1878, but the historic pine grove, where there were many gatherings of prominent men during the Presidential campaign of 1872, is still preserved.

—Twenty-eight years ago THOMAS A. LYNE, who had acted with the elder BOOTH and other leading actors, and had established a reputation of his own, went to Salt Lake City to conduct BRIGHAM YOUNG's theatre. He joined the Mormon Church; but a short experience with that creed satisfied him, and he returned to the Gentile faith, in which he died the other day. He was born in Philadelphia in 1806, and made his début as an actor in 1828.

—Royalty usually shows its gratitude by bestowing titles, and Madame TACON, governess of the youthful King of Spain, has now been made a Countess for her devotion to the boy during his recent illness. She is seventy years old, and has spent half of her life in the royal household.

—The new President of Mount Holyoke College at South Hadley, Massachusetts, is to be Mrs. HIRAM MEAD, an accomplished scholar, who has taught at Oberlin College, and is now a teacher in Abbott Academy, Andover. Her husband was pastor of the Congregational Church at South Hadley from 1858 to 1867, and a trustee of the seminary, as it was then known. Later he was a professor at Oberlin, where he died ten years ago. Mrs. MEAD is a cousin of Rev. Dr. STORRS, of Brooklyn.

—In one place in Charleston, South Carolina, the Stars and Stripes were exposed to public view without molestation all through the war. This was in a family vault in Magnolia Cemetery, the flag that enshrouded the coffin of Midshipman VANDERHORST, of the United States navy, showing plainly through the plate-glass doors of the vault.

—It is said that GOUNOD is writing a grand opera in four acts, to be presented in America in 1892 under his especial supervision. The first, second, and fourth acts are laid in Mexico in the time of the MONTEZUMAS, while the Western States furnish the incidents for the third act.

—BISMARCK's gifts at his recent birthday included two mastiffs, a hundred pipes of many styles, forty-three drinking mugs, many pounds of tobacco, dozens of canes, articles of the toilet, patent medicines, and provisions, preserves, etc., of various kinds.

—Dr. GEORGE THURBER, an accomplished botanist, and a widely known writer on this subject and on agricultural topics, died recently in Passaic, New Jersey. During President BUCHANAN's administration Dr. THURBER held a government position in the New York Assay Office, but his abolitionist principles did not commend themselves to the party in power, and he was forced to resign.

—Lieutenant JOHN P. FINLEY, Signal Corps, United States Army, who has investigated the Signal Service report of a destructive tornado near Erie, Pennsylvania, July 26, 1875, finds an error due to transposition of the types in an official government report. The tornado on that date occurred several miles east and south of Erie. The effects were not especially marked owing to the smallness of the funnel, and the details gathered were not very definite, because no adequate organized system for reporting tornadoes then existed. He has drawn two charts which in an interesting way disclose the formation of tornadoes at that time in Wisconsin, northern Ohio, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina. The storm centre, along the southeastern edge of which these tornadoes formed, moved in three days about twelve hundred miles, causing tornadoes and severe local storms in four States.

THE DRY-GOODS DISTRICT.

THE FRUIT VENDER.

THE DEPARTMENT OF SMALL WARES.

THE CANDLE MERCHANT.

A FRIDAY MARKET IN THE JEWISH QUARTER OF NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 306.]

"THE PRIEST CAPTAIN WRITHED AND STRUGGLED IN HIS EFFORTS TO THROW YOUNG OFF."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.*

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

XXXV.—THE TREASURE-CHAMBER.

CLOSE in the wake of that great thunder crash there burst upon us so mighty a flood of rain that it seemed as though the lightning had riven solid walls asunder within the thick black mass of overhanging vapor, and so had let loose upon us the waters of a lake. In a moment the whole pit of the amphitheatre was awash knee-deep, and before those who were standing there could flounder to the steps leading upward they were buried to their waists—and this although the water was pouring out through the vent provided for it with such violence that we could hear the rush and gurgle of it above the dashing and roaring of the falling rain. And all the dark mass of cloud above us was aflame continuously with blinding flashes of red lightning, while a continuous crash of splitting peals of thunder rang through the shattered air.

Doubtless this storm was our salvation. That the Priest Captain's intention even from the first had been to kill us also, and so make his victory complete, I do not for a moment doubt; but he was too shrewd to waste upon a few terrified spectators an exhibition that would carry with it a salutary demonstration of his power; for with the bursting of the flood upon us the crowd that filled the amphitheatre had begun a tumultuous flight to the temple, going thither partly for shelter, and partly, being awe-struck by what had passed before them and by the tremendous fury of the storm, that they might find safety in the abiding-place of their gods.

Therefore the order was given hurriedly that we should be taken back to our prison; in obedience to which command our guards led us through the temple—where they had difficulty in forcing a way for us through the dense throng that had gathered within its walls—and thence to the Treasure-House beyond; and they were in such haste to be quit of us, that they also might seek safety in the temple, that they scarce waited to close the grating behind us before they sped away.

So overwhelming was the grief that had fallen upon us that for some moments we stood as though stunned where the guards had left us; and, for myself, my one regret was that the chance of the storm, by saving me yet a little while longer alive, had lost to me the happiness of dying in the same hour with the friend whom I had so strongly loved. I think that this thought was in Young's heart also, as he stood there silent beside me, the blood so drawn from his face that a dull yellow pallor overspread his bronzed skin, and his breath coming short and hard. As for the boy Pablo, his whole being was shattered. He sank down on the rock at our feet and seemed to be moaning his very life out in long quivering sobs.

But presently, as our minds grew steadier, the thought of Rayburn came to us; and the strain upon our heart-strings was relaxed a little by remembering that our lives still were worth holding fast to in order that we might minister to his needs. Yet when we came again into the room where he lay, it seemed at first as though he also was lost to us; for even in that faint light we saw that his face was a deadly white, and when we spoke to him he neither spoke nor moved. But, happily, our dread that he had died in that gloomy solitude was not realized; for as I laid my hand upon his bare breast I felt his heart feebly beating, and at the touch of my hand he sighed a little and then slowly opened his eyes.

"He's only swounded," Young cried, joyfully. "It's th' smotherin' shut-upness o' this forlorn hole he's lyin' in. There's a little more air out in th' big room. Just grab th' other end o' th' stretcher, Professor, an' we'll yank him out there—nobody's likely t' come in t' stop us while this storm lasts. An'—an' we must be careful how we talk, Professor, y' know," he added in a lower tone as we raised the stretcher. "It won't do for him t' know about—about *it* now." There was a break in Young's voice as he spoke, and I could feel by the momentary quiver of the stretcher that a shiver went through him as he thought of that "it" about which we must for a time hold our peace.

Young bore the forward end of the stretcher, and as we came into the oratory I felt him start as he exclaimed: "What th' devil's broke loose here?"

The darkness of the storm outside shrouded the oratory in a dusky twilight, but even through the shadows which lay thick about us we could see that there had been within this chamber some outbreak of extraordinary and tremendous violence; for the image of the god Huitzilopochtli had been cast down and broken into fragments, and just behind where it had stood there was a dark rift in the gold plating of the walls where several plates had been wrenched bodily away.

A strong odor of sulphur hung heavily in the air, and as I perceived it the whole matter was plain to me. But Young sniffed at this odor suspiciously, when we had brought the stretcher gently to rest upon the floor, and in a startled voice exclaimed: "Th' devil *has* been bustin' around in here for sure—an' he's left his regular home-made stink for a give-away!" and as he spoke there was manifest a decided bristling of his fringe of hair.

I could not help smiling at this quaint proof of the shattered condition of Young's nerves—for, under ordinary circumstances, he was the very last man in the world to place faith in things supernatural—but I answered him promptly: "Then the devil did a stroke of honest business at the same time, for all this is the work of the same thunder-bolt, or of a part of it, that killed that Indian. Didn't you hear the rocks flying from the cliff where it struck?"

"That's just what I was goin' t' say myself," Young replied, a little awkwardly. "An' that's what's th' matter with Rayburn an' made him swound away. How d' you find yourself now, old man?" he went on—rather glad to change the subject, I fancied—as Rayburn, at sound of his own name, moved a little.

"I feel queer," Rayburn answered. "Sort of numb and dizzy. Where's the Padre?"

"An' it's not much blame to you that you do feel queer," Young replied, hurriedly. "This last thing you've taken it into your fool head t' do is bein' busted all t' bits by a stroke o' lightnin'. Most folks would 'a' been satisfied with havin' their legs pretty much sliced off by Injuns—but reasonableness ain't your strongest hold, Rayburn; an' I guess it never was."

Rayburn smiled faintly as Young spoke, but instead of attempting to answer him—being still numbed by the heavy shock that he had received—he settled his head back upon the rolled-up coat that served him for a pillow and languidly closed his eyes. Whereupon Young, seeing that there was nothing further that we could do for his comfort, betook himself—as his bent at all times was when any strange matter presented itself, and in this case with the half-crazed eagerness with which those upon whom a great sorrow has fallen seek instinctively to engage their minds with any trifling matter that will change the current of their thoughts—to investigating carefully the work of destruction that the thunder-bolt had wrought: examining the fragments of the idol, and the loosened plates of gold, and the places on the walls whence these last had been wrenched away; which examination was the easier because the storm-cloud was leaving us—though the almost continuous loud rolling of the thunder still stunned our ears—and a stronger light came in through the opening in the roof.

I seated myself beside Rayburn and paid no attention to what Young was doing; for my brooding sorrow was like a slow fire consuming me—as the tragedy that I had but just witnessed, and the infinite pathos that there was in seeing Rayburn thus miserably dying, overwhelmed me with a desolate

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1722.

despair. Even when Young called to me, in a tone so eager and so penetrating that at any other time I should have been startled into quick action by his words, I did not rouse myself to answer him—though, in a dull way, I knew that he would not thus have spoken unless some matter of great moment had aroused the full energy of his mind.

"Professor! I say, Professor!" he repeated. "Get right up an' come here. Don't sit there like a chuckle-headed chump. Get up, I tell you. Here's some sort of a show for us. Here's what looks like a way out o' this God-forsaken hole!"

As I heard these words I did get up, and in a hurry, and so joined Young where he was kneeling on the floor close beside the rear wall of the oratory, directly behind where the idol had stood until the thunderbolt had dashed it down. It was at this point, apparently, that the lightning had entered the chamber; for here several of the plates of gold with which the walls were covered—overlapping each other like fish-scales—had been loosened, while three of them had been wrenched entirely from their fastenings and had fallen down. As I joined him, Young excitedly pointed to the opening thus made, through which was visible not a solid wall of rock but a dark cavity, and from which was blowing a soft current of cool air.

"It's a way out! It's a way out! I tell you," he cried. "This suck o' wind proves it. If we only can get some more o' these blasted plates loose we'll light out o' this, an' euchre the Priest Captain an' his whole —— outfit yet! Ketch hold here, Professor, an' put your muscle into it for all you're worth. Grab right here. Now!" and Young and I together pulled at the same plate with all our might and main. But for all the impression that we made upon it we might as well have tried to pull down the mountain: the plate did not stir. Young gave a hearty curse (and I confess that hearing him swearing in that natural way again was a real comfort to me), and then we took another pull—and all this while, so much does the thought of saving his life put cheer into a man, my heart was bounding within me, and the hot coursing of my blood seemed like to burst my veins. Young's fervor was not less than mine, and we wrenched and tugged together, and never stopped to mark our cut and bleeding hands.

"We've *got* t' do it!" Young exclaimed, as we paused at last without having loosened the plate in the least degree. "There's some way o' workin' this thing, I know. It must be some sort of a door, an' if we only can get th' hang of it we'll be all right. Have y' got your wind again, Professor? Let's try 'f we can't sort o' prize this plate out. It's a little loose. Just get your fingers under it an' we'll sort o' pull it up an' out at th' same time. So. Now sling your muscle into it. Heft!"

We were stooping a little, and so had a strong purchase, and with all our united strength we heaved away together. There was a rattling of metal; a yielding of the plate so easy that our tremendous effort was out of all proportion to it; my fingers seemed suddenly to be nipped in a red-hot vise; Young uttered a yell of pain—and then we both were sprawling on our backs on the floor, while in front of us was a broad opening in the wall where a wide section of the panelling had risen upward (the plates sliding up under each other), and so had made an open way.

"How that did hurt!" Young mumbled, with his nipped fingers in his mouth—and I must say that the vigor of his language was not uncalled-for, as I well understood by the pain that I myself was suffering. I do not remember pinching my fingers so badly as I did then, in the whole course of my life.

However, we did not suffer our hurts, which were not really serious, to delay us in exploring this hidden place that so suddenly, and with such unnecessary violence, had opened to us. Pushing upward the ingeniously contrived door from the bottom, we easily raised it until an opening was discovered the full height of a man; and through this we went into a narrow passage in the rock, that in a moment turned and so brought us into a room that was nearly as large as the oratory that we had just left, and that, as we presently found, actually communicated with the oratory by means of two narrow slits high up in the wall; which apertures here were plainly visible, but on the other side were so cleverly disguised by an ingenious arrangement of the overlapping plates as to be entirely concealed. Like the oratory, too, this room had an opening in its roof through which air entered, and so much light that we could see about us plainly. And the very first glance that I cast around me in this strange place assured me that by sheer accident we had found our way at last to the secret chamber wherein King Chaltzantzin's treasure had lain hidden for a thousand years.

Rude shelves had been cut in the rock on all four sides of the room, and on these were ranged earthen pots of curious shapes ornamented with strange devices that my newly acquired knowledge enabled me to recognize—to express the matter in the terms of our system of heraldry—as the arms of a king quartered with the arms of certain princely houses or tribes. On these shelves, also, were many quaintly wrought vessels and some small square boxes, all of which were of gold; together with a score or so of small idols moulded in clay or roughly carved in stone—in which last the workmanship was so far inferior to that of the earthen-ware pots and golden vessels as to show at a glance that they were the product of a much earlier and ruder age. But belonging to the same age as the gold-work, or to a period even later, was a very beautiful Calendar Stone, most delicately carved in obsidian, that was identical—save in the matter of size—with the great Calendar Stone that now is preserved in Mexico in the National Museum. This was placed at one end of the room upon a carved pedestal; and at the opposite end of the room, the end farthest removed from the entrance, was a great stone image of the god Chac-Mool. Lying upon the Calendar Stone was what at first I took to be a cross-bow made of gold; but more careful examination convinced me, especially in view of the place where I had found it, that this certainly was an astrolabe—called also a Jacob's-staff and a cross-staff—such as in no very ancient times, until the invention of the quadrant, was used by Europeans in taking the meridional altitude of the sun and stars.

At the moment that I made this most curious and exceedingly interesting discovery, Young—who had been investigating on his own account—gave a yell of delight and bounded toward me, flourishing his own brace of revolvers in his hands. "They're all here!" he cried. "All our guns are here, an' th' ca'tridges too! Now we *have* got th' bulge on these devils for sure!"

As he spoke, I also was thrilled with joy at the thought of the vengeance which this recovery of our arms might enable us to take upon Fray Antonio's murderers; but my joy was only momentary, for I could not but reflect that, after all, these Aztlanecas had but acted in accordance with their lights—excepting only the Priest Captain, for whom the most cruel death would be all too merciful—and that our slaying them would not be vengeance, but mere brutal revenge. Having which thoughts in mind, I answered: "At least we can shoot ourselves with them, and so be safe from death by sacrifice."

"Not much we won't shoot ourselves," Young replied, with great energy; "an' nobody's goin' t' come monkeyin' round us with sacrifices, either! Why, man alive, we ain't goin' t' stay here; not by a jugful! We're goin' t' light right out o' this an' be smack off for home!"

"How?" I asked, blankly, and with real alarm. For the hot hope that had filled me at the thought of our having found a way of escape had vanished as I perceived that from this chamber there was no outlet save the hole in the roof; which hole also accounted for the current of air whereby my hope had been inspired. Therefore, when Young spoke in this extravagant fashion, the dread came over me that he was going mad.

"How?" he answered. "Why, through that Jack Mullins, of course. He *is* th' tippin' kind. I was just tryin' him—while you was pokin' round in that old rubbish—when I happened t' ketch sight of our guns; an' seein' them you bet made me bounce. Here goes for another shot at him. Stick somethin' under him t' keep him up when I heave."

I was so dazed by the stunning wonder and by the joy that Young's words carried with them that I obeyed his order mechanically. With a grave seriousness he seated himself upon the head of the idol, and as the figure and the stone base upon which it rested settled down at the end upon which he sat, and its other end correspondingly swung upward—showing beneath it a dark opening—I wedged up the mass with a heavy plate of gold that served as the lid of one of the boxes ranged upon the shelves.

"It won't do for us both together t' go down there," Young said, as he rose from his seat and we peered into the dark cavity. "Mullins might take 't into his fool head t' shut himself up while we was down there—an' that 'u'd mean cold weather for Rayburn an' Pablo. I'll just jump down them steps an' prospect a little, while you look after him t' see that he keeps steady," and with these words down he went into the hole.

In five minutes or so he joined me again. "It don't look like th' nicest place I ever got into," he said; "but I guess we'll have t' take th' chances on it. There's a little room down there, an' out o' that a kind of a back entry leads into an everlastin' big cave. But there seems t' be a sort of a path runnin' along in th' cave—it's all as dark as th' devil—an' as paths mostly have two ends to 'em I guess if we keep on long enough we'll get somewhere. We can't stay here, that's sure, so we just got t' risk it; and th' sooner we get Rayburn down there th' better. When he's solidly safe then we can do some prospectin'—by good luck we've got lots o' matches—an' see where that path goes to. Just sling on your guns, Professor, an' let's mosey back an' get th' percession started. It's hard lines on Rayburn t' tumble him into a hole like that when he's feelin' so bad; but I guess it's better t' take th' chances o' killin' him that way ourselves than it is t' let these devils do it for sure. Come on."

While he was speaking, Young had buckled his revolvers about his waist and had slung his rifle over his shoulder; and I also in like manner had armed myself, and thereby had restored to me a most comforting feeling of strength. As for Young, the recovery of his weapons seemed to make him grow two inches taller, and he swaggered in his walk.

And almost in the moment that we thus found ourselves in condition to show fight again the need for fighting seemed like to be forced upon us; for as we turned to leave the Treasure-Chamber we were startled by hearing a creaking sound that we knew came from the sliding upward in its metal grooves of the grating wherewith the entrance to our prison was made fast.

XXXVI.—THE VENGEANCE OF THE GODS.

We paused for a moment, and then Young motioned to me to follow him, stepping lightly; and as we came out into the oratory we heard a fresh creaking, by which we knew that the grating had been closed.

"I guess it's only th' fellow puttin' in th' grub," Young whispered. "But go easy, Professor, an' have your guns all handy so's you can shoot. If anybody *has* come in it won't do t' let 'em get out again. Only mind you don't shoot unless you really have to. If there's only two or three of 'em we'd better try t' club 'em with our Winchesters—so's not t' bring all hands down on us with a rush before we can get Rayburn away."

As he spoke we were assured that some one had entered when the grating was raised, and had remained on our side of the grating when it was closed again; for we heard footsteps in the room where we ordinarily lay; and then the footsteps drew nearer, as though the unseen person were examining the other rooms in search of us: and we knew that in another moment or two this person would enter the chamber wherein we were. Rayburn was lying so quietly that it seemed as though he had fallen into a swoon again; and Pablo, as we could tell by hearing his sobs, had betaken himself to the room in which El Sabio was tethered in search of solacing companionship. Young motioned me to stand on one side of the entrance to the oratory, and himself stood on the other: and thus we waited, while the footsteps rapidly drew nearer, in readiness most effectually to cut off the retreat of whoever might enter the room.

The man who did enter, passing between us, was the Priest Captain. As he saw the wreck of the idol, and the opening in the wall behind where the idol had stood, he uttered an exclamation of alarm and rage; and in the same moment some instinctive dread of the danger that menaced him caused him to turn suddenly around. So, for an instant, he confronted us—and never shall I forget the look of malignant hatred that was in his face as in that instant he regarded us, nor his quick despairing gesture at sight of Young standing there with his rifle raised. Even as he opened his mouth to cry out, before any sound came from his lips, the heavy barrel of Young's rifle swept downward, and with a low groan he fell.

Had the blow struck fairly it could not but have split the man's skull open; but he swerved aside a little as the rifle came down and the weight of the stroke, glancing from his head, fell upon his shoulder. In an instant, dropping the rifle, Young was kneeling on his breast with a hand buried in the flabby flesh of his old throat holding tight-gripped his windpipe. Excepting only Rayburn, Young was the strongest man I ever knew (though, to be sure, at that time he was weakened by his then recent wound and by the privations of his imprisonment), yet it was all that he could do to hold that old man down and to maintain his choking grasp. With a most desperate energy and a fierce strength that seemed out of all nature in a creature so lean and old and shrivelled, the Priest Captain writhed and struggled in his efforts to throw Young off, and sought also to grasp Young's throat with his long, bony hands—while foam gathered on his thin lips, and his withered brown face grew black with congested blood, and his black eyes protruded until the half of the eyeballs, bloody with bursting veins, showed around the black, dilated pupils. And then his struggles slowly grew less and less violent, his knotted muscles gradually relaxed, his mouth fell open so that his tongue lolled out hideously, his legs and arms twitched a little spasmodically—and then he lay quite still.

For a minute or two longer Young maintained his grasp. Then rising to his feet, breathing heavily, he wiped the sweat from his face as he exclaimed, at the same moment giving the dead body a vicious kick: "You black devil, take that! Now I've squared accounts with you for killin' th' Padre—and it's th' best day's work I've ever done!"

Though the struggle between the two had been a very desperate one, there had been no noise about it. Through the whole of it Rayburn had remained buried in his death-like stupor; and Pablo, though so near to us, had heard no sound of it at all.

"Now then, Professor," Young said when he had got his wind back, "we've got t' bounce. Th' first thing t' do is t' fasten that gratin' on our side—so's nobody can get in here t' bother us while we're doin' our skippin'. I guess we can sort o' wedge it fast so's t' stand 'em off for an hour or two, anyway; an' that's time enough t' give us a fair start."

"We can do something better than that, I think," I said as we went together toward the grating. "Unless I am much mistaken, only the Priest Captain knew about this sliding door and the Treasure-Chamber beyond it. If we can restore to their places those three plates, and can close the door behind us, I am persuaded that so far as pursuit of us is concerned we shall be absolutely safe."

"Gosh!" Young exclaimed. "D'you know, Professor, I wouldn't 'a' given you credit for havin' that much common-sense. It's a big idea, that is, an' we'll try it on. But all th' same, we've got t' make things as sure as we can, an' this little job must be attended to first."

As we approached the grating we saw two of the temple guard standing outside of it, apparently waiting for the Priest Captain's return; and these men looked at us with such evident suspicion that I feared for the success of our plans. "Just talk to 'em," Young said, hurriedly. "Talk to 'em about the last election, or chicken-coops, or anything you please, while I take a look around an' see how we're goin' t' get this job done."

Young dropped behind me, and then aside, and so out of sight, as I advanced to the grating and spoke to the men—whose faces somewhat cleared as I told them that the Priest Captain desired that they should wait there a little longer; and then I managed to hold their interest for some minutes while I spoke about the devil that was in El Sabio, and about other devils of a like sort whom I had known in my time. While I thus spoke I heard a little tinkling sound, as of metal striking against stone—but if the soldiers also heard it they paid no attention to it—and then Young whispered: "We're solid, now. Come on." Whereupon I quickly ended my imaginative discourse upon demoniac donkeys, and, with no appearance of haste, we walked away.

"It was just as easy as rollin' off a log," Young said, jubilantly. "There was a big gold peg stickin' there all ready t' slide into a slot so's t' hold the gratin' down, an' all I had t' do was t' slide it. I guess with a plug like that holdin' that gratin' fast they'll need jacks t' open it. Th' only other way t'll start it 'll be rammin' it with a bit o' timber; but bustin' it in that way 'll take a lot o' time—an' half an hour's plenty for all we've got t' do. If you're straight in thinkin' nobody knows about that slidin' door, we're solid."

I felt very sure in my own mind that I was right in believing that only the Priest Captain had known of this secret opening; for, after him, the most likely person to have knowledge of it was the keeper of the archives, and that he was altogether ignorant of it I was well assured. Therefore I most cheerfully helped Young—so far as my unskilful hands could be useful—in the work of restoring the gold plates to the places whence the lightning had wrenched them loose; and when this work was done, so cleverly did Young manage it, there was no possibility of distinguishing the door from any other portion of the wall; nor was there then a sign of any sort remaining to show that by the passage of a thunder-bolt the idol had been destroyed.

As we were finishing this piece of work we heard the soldiers at the grating calling to the Priest Captain—at first in low tones, and then more loudly; and then we heard them give a yell together, which convinced us that they had tried to raise the grating and had found that it was fastened down.

The ten minutes that followed was the most exciting time that ever I passed through. Notwithstanding the secure fashion in which the grating was fastened, we could not but dread that those outside had knowledge of some means whereby it could be loosened; and in any event there was no doubt but that they could force a way in upon us by beating it down. Therefore we knew that there was no safety for us until we had got fairly out of the oratory and had closed behind us the sliding door—and with such difficult material to deal with as Rayburn, who still lay in a heavy stupor, and Pablo, whom sorrow had well-nigh crazed, we found it hard to make such haste as the sharp exigency of our situation required. Pablo, indeed, was so lost in wonder at finding the broken idol, and the dead body of the Priest Captain, and a door open in the solid wall, that what little remained of his wits disappeared entirely; so that we had almost to carry him—while El Sabio most intelligently followed him—into the Treasure-Chamber, and there we left the two together while we returned for Rayburn. And as we lifted the stretcher our hearts bounded, for at that instant there was a tremendous crash at the grating; whereby we knew that those without had brought to bear against it some sort of a battering-ram that they might beat it in.

"It's a close call," Young said between his teeth; and added as we rested the stretcher inside the passage while he closed behind us the sliding door: "If you're off your base, Professor, an' they do know th' trick o' this thing, it may be all day with us yet; but it's a comfort t' know that even if they do finish us we'll everlastingly salt 'em first with our guns."

We heard another great crash behind us, but faintly now that the sliding door was closed, as we went onward into the Treasure-Chamber; and here we heard the like sound again more clearly, through the slits cut in the wall. As gently as our haste and the awkwardness of that narrow way would permit, we lifted Rayburn from the stretcher and so carried him down the short flight of stairs beneath the upraised statue to the little chamber that there was hollowed in the rock. Here we laid him upon the stretcher again; and then, without any ceremony whatever, we bundled Pablo and El Sabio down the hole. It was a smaller aperture, even, than that through which we had come forth from the Cave of the Dead, and how El Sabio was able to condense himself sufficiently to get

through it will remain a puzzle to me to my dying day.

All this while we could hear plainly, through the holes in the wall, the crashing blows which every minute or so were delivered against the grating, together with a shrill roar of shouts and yells; and we knew that before this vigorous assault the grating must give way within a very brief period and let in the whole yelping pack. If I were right in my belief that the Priest Captain alone knew of the secret outlet to the oratory, we still would be safe enough, and could make some preliminary examination of the cave before we closed the way behind us irrevocably by letting the statue fall back into its place; but if I were mistaken, then there was nothing for us but to take the chance of life and death by going on blindly into that black cavern after wedging fast the underside of the statue in such a way that it no longer could be swung open from above.

It was most necessary, therefore, that we should see what course our enemies would take when they came into the oratory and found it empty of us, and the idol broken, and the Priest Captain lying dead there; and, that we might compass this end, Young and I returned into the Treasure-Chamber and mounted upon a ledge—that seemed to have been provided for a standing-place—whence we had a clear view into the oratory through the slits in the wall. And at the very moment that we thus stationed ourselves there reverberated through those rock-hewn chambers a deafening crash and a jingling clang of metal and a rattle of falling stone; and with this came a yell of triumph and a rush of footsteps—and then, in an instant, the oratory was full of soldiers and priests all yelling together like so many fiends.

But upon this violent hubbub there fell a hush of awe and wonder as those who had thus tumultuously entered the oratory saw the Priest Captain lying dead amidst the fragments of the shattered idol, and perceived that the prisoners who had been shut within these seemingly solid walls had vanished utterly away; and then a sobbing murmur, that presently swelled into moans and cries of terror, arose from the throng; and in a moment more, seized by a common impulse, the whole company bowed downward in suppliant dread of the gods by whom such direful wonders had been wrought.

Young gave a long sigh of relief, and with a most mouth-filling oath whispered in my ear, "They haven't tumbled to it—an' we're all right!"

As we gazed at these terror-stricken creatures, a thought occurred to me on which I promptly acted. "Get both of your revolvers pointed through that hole," I whispered to Young. "Point high, so that the balls will not hit anybody; and when I begin to shoot do you shoot also, and as quickly as you can. Mind, you are not to hit anybody," I added; for I saw by the look on Young's face that he longed to fire into the crowd point-blank. For answer he gave me a rather sulky nod of assent; but I saw by the way that he held his pistols that my order was obeyed. "Now," I said, "Fire!"—and as rapidly as self-acting revolvers would do it, we poured twenty-four shots through the slits in the wall. No doubt several people were hurt by balls bounding back from the rock, but I am confident that nobody was killed.

When we ceased firing, it was impossible to see anything in the oratory because of the dense cloud of sulphurous smoke wherewith it was filled; but such shrieks and yells of soul-racking terror as came from beneath that black canopy I hope I may never hear again. I waited a little, until this wild outburst had somewhat quieted, and then—placing my mouth close to one of the openings and speaking in a voice that I tried to make like that of Fray Antonio—I said in deep and solemn tones: "Behold the vengeance of the strangers' God!"

What effect my words produced I cannot tell. Our firing must have loosened a fragment of rock between the gold plating that lined the oratory and the outer surface of the wall, and even as I spoke this fragment fell. With its fall, the opening was irrevocably closed.

"That was a boss dodge," said Young, as he recharged his revolver. "Those fellows 'll just think hell's broke loose in here, for sure; and I guess after they've onct fairly got outside they'll rather be skinned alive than come back again. But what did you say to 'em? Hearin' you talkin' like th' Padre, that way, gave me a regular jolt. Don't you think, though, maybe it was a little bit risky t' give ourselves away?"

But when I had repeated in English the words which I had spoken, Young very seriously shook hands with me. "Shake!" he said. "I've done you injustice, Professor. Sometimes I've thought that you was too much asleep for your own good, but if anybody ever did anything more wide-awake than that, I'd like t' know *what* he did, and who he was. Why, when those fellows tell about all that's been goin' on in here—about their busted idol, an' their dead Priest Captain, an' our skippin', an' this row our shootin' has made, an' then about th' Padre's ghost talkin' to 'em that way—it's bound t' give 'em such a jolt that th' whole outfit 'll slew smack around an' be Christians right off!"

Some such notion as this had been in my own mind as I executed the plan that on the spur of the moment I had formed. And yet, in the end, I could not but regret, for Fray Antonio's sake, my hasty action; for he would have been the very last man to approve of such stringent methods of advancing the Christian faith. If any result came from my demonstration, it certainly came through terror; and the essence of Fray Antonio's doctrine, as it was also of his own nature, was gentleness and love.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VISITORS TO THE FLAG-SHIP "CHICAGO."

Life on board our new cruisers is not the perpetual holiday pictured in the cable despatches and glowing letters of special correspondents. There have been, and let us hope will be, balls and receptions till the ships come home; but these are the incidents, not the purposes, of the cruise; and they have a definite value as breathing-spaces in the programme of drill, in the denials and limitations of routine; they are most useful as the playtimes which keep maritime Jack from becoming the dull boy of the halting rhymes.

It is the season of merrymaking along the Mediterranean just now, and the Americans of the Riviera are only too glad to visit our vessels; for, after all is said and done, I doubt much if any sight-seeing is half so filled with pleasure as the first glimpse the exiles get of their country's flag fluttering from the peaks or staffs of our war ships rolling gently in the blue waters of Villefranche Bay.

Abroad, as at home, the ships have been crowded by visitors, not only those who look at the surface of things, and are honestly happy with the cleanliness and bright work, but by others who are studying with technical knowledge these first signs of our naval development. So far as official opinions and impressions can be gathered from foreign newspapers, the design, equipment, armament, and *personnel* of the squadron have elicited the warmest encomiums. It is a particular satisfaction to know that the guns have been pronounced equal to any mounted in European vessels of like types, for the armament is American in design and fabrication, and save with one calibre has been built up of American steel. In the re-creation of our navy we have had to develop a theory of ordnance for ourselves, to plan foundries and equip shops, to invent tools, and to educate workmen—and this despite the violent interference of politicians, and the intolerant abuse and wire-pulling of manufacturers wedded to old theories and anchored to old workshops.

The spirited illustration of Mr. De Thulstrup is therefore most timely, because it gives a capital picture of the *Chicago's* all-steel 8-inch breech-loading gun, with its shield, carriage, and sponson mountings. Bigger guns have been designed and finished, but this calibre has a special interest as it is at present the heaviest piece afloat in the new navy. Three higher calibres are provided for in our ordnance policy. Of these the 10-inch has been satisfactorily tested; the 12-inch is fairly under way; and, with the completion of the Bethlehem plant, we are prepared to furnish forgings not only for the 16-inch, but for any other size needed. Surely this is a great stride in less than ten years, for in 1881, when contracts were made to supply the main batteries of the *Atlanta*, *Boston*, and *Chicago*, ingots and forgings for the 5 and 6 inch guns could only be produced at home. With our marvellous development in other material directions, we were then unable to make the average ordnance required by modern theories of defence, and had to buy from English firms, under disadvantageous limitations as to test and inspection, the metal for the 8-inch guns.

Such a policy was of course distasteful to the pretensions of our people, but a dense wall of ignorance surrounded the question, and no technical hammering could batter it down. Finally the indignant insistence of naval officers, and the sledge-hammer though tardy advocacy of the press, made a breach in the adamant, and Congress ordered a board to examine into the methods adopted abroad, and to report a plan suited to our necessities.

Nothing but good results has been the outcome of this delayed action. After searching investigation a recommendation was made that the government should establish within its own territory a plant for gun fabrication, and that it should contract with private parties for the forged and tempered material. When Mr. Cleveland's administration came in, other decisive steps were taken; first, by refusing to buy abroad either armor or gun steel; next, by allowing the wants of the Navy Department to accumulate until contracts of sufficient magnitude could be offered to the profitable competition of domestic manufacturers; and, finally, by imposing a condition that the successful bidder should erect in this country a plant adequate to the production of armor and steel equal to requirements of the highest standards abroad. The Bethlehem company secured the contract, and went so valorously and honestly to work, that to-day we are independent of alien whims, of foreign control, and can turn out all the war steel necessary to protect our national integrity.

After a successful period of tentative work, the naval gun factory at Washington has been established by law, and is rapidly assembling the ordnance required to arm the new ships, and to replace the obsolete batteries of the wooden cruisers. At the end of the last fiscal year the factory's output included, besides carriages and accessories, two 5-inch, thirty 6-inch, four 8-inch, and three 10-inch guns. To-day the machinery for calibres up to 12-inch is in place, and tools for the 16-inch are being completed. When the entire plant is laid down, the establishment will have a yearly capacity—or the equivalents in working hours—of twenty-five 6-inch and twelve 12-inch breech-loading rifles, with carriages and equipments complete.

This will revolutionize the ordnance afloat, for with the exception of the new steel vessels, the main batteries of our war vessels are still composed of Dahlgren 9-inch smooth-bores and Parrott rifles, all cast-iron and muzzle-loading. These are supplemented with makeshift 8-inch rifles, converted on the Palliser system from smooth-bore, muzzle-loading 11-inch Dahlgrens, and with 60 and 80 pounder breech-loading rifles revamped from old muzzle-loading Parrotts. A series of tables, for which there is no room here, would be required to show the increase of power in the new guns; but it may be sufficient to say that the relative efficiencies of the cast-iron converted 8-inch, and of the 8-inch all-steel rifle shown in the illustration, are in weight of projectiles 180 pounds to 250 pounds; in energy, 2481 foot-tons to 7645 foot-tons; and in penetration of wrought-iron at 1000 yards, 10.3 inches to 17.9 inches—all, of course, in favor of the new piece. It may be explained that the term "energy in foot-tons" means that the work developed by the projectile at the muzzle would raise the stated weight in tons to the height of one foot.

Abroad, the energies developed or expected in the greatest calibres are wonderful. Leaving out of question the slightly heavier but not equally efficient Krupp gun, we find the highest tabulated performances in the 16.25-inch English gun. This was built by Armstrong, and is nearly forty-four feet in length; weighs 111 tons; fires a charge of 850 pounds, and a projectile of 1800 pounds; develops a muzzle velocity of 2148 feet per second, and an energy of 57,580 foot-tons, with a penetration of 34.1 inches into wrought-iron at a thousand yards' distance. Whether we will ever need such guns is just now a mooted question, but they mark the wonderful strides of ordnance manufacture. Here, for example, is another comparison between the batteries of the *Atlanta* and *Constitution*, which may be interesting as showing the development in less than a century. The Old Ironsides was the heaviest frigate of her day, and carried a battery of fifty-four guns—thirty-two 24-pounders and twenty-two short 32-pounders—which threw at a single broadside 684 pounds of metal. The *Atlanta* has eight guns—six 6-inch and two 8-inch—and discharges at a single broadside 800 pounds of metal, in every way more destructive.

"With her long 24's," writes Lieutenant Meigs, United States Navy, in the report of the Naval Intelligence Office, "the *Constitution* could probably just about penetrate her own water-line—some 22 inches of oak—at 1000-yards range; to penetrate with the short 32's she would have to approach nearer. The *Constitution* is then completely protected against the fire of her like at ranges greater than 1000 yards..... The *Atlanta's* 6-inch guns can penetrate at 1000 yards a thickness twenty times that of her side at the water-line. And the 8-inch guns can penetrate at the same range about 14 inches of iron. It may be further observed that the five-eighth-inch steel at the *Atlanta's* water-line has just about the same resisting power as the 22-inch oak of the *Constitution*. Thus, while the defensive power at the water-line has remained about the same, the latter ship has a battery power—considered with reference to penetration alone—twenty-five times stronger. As regards the size of the two ships, the *Atlanta* is about one-half larger; but their military duties, their employments in war-time, are identical. They are both, in the military sense of the term, frigates; the duties of both are to accompany and assist the battle ships, to carry them information and stores, to act as lookouts for them, and to attack the enemy's commerce, and guard and convoy our own. Thus the *Atlanta* and all our *protected* ships can penetrate their likes while they are still hull down on the horizon; while battle ships—or *iron-clads*, as they are often called—must approach within from 2000 to 4000 yards before they can hope to make any serious impression."

This extract shows the purposes and uses of the vessels forming the evolutionary squadron; and it is satisfactory to know that in the rough weather encountered on the run from Boston to Lisbon they behaved so admirably as to convince the most exacting critic of their equality to the best of their date and class in any other service. The design proved no less effective than the motive power, for under severe tests the stanchness of construction and steadiness of gun platforms were as pronounced as the low coal consumption and high resultant speed. Save for a mishap to the *Yorktown's* steering gear the voyage was unmarred by accident, and the capital seamanship in fair weather and foul showed that, even under novel conditions, our officers are, as of old, equal to any demands made upon them.

At Gibraltar and Toulon they lay at anchor with battle ships of the two greatest navies, and while no comparison of *materiel* could be made between our unarmored ships and the foreign liners, still the association was interesting as illustrating what our development should be in the type which, after all, is a seaboard country's main reliance. America's showing was a brave and picturesque one, but our point-device and trim, well set up cruisers would, in any engagement with these great war machines, have had but scant opportunity.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances a part of the drill programme of the squadron was abandoned at first; but in the end this proved only a temporary respite for the blue-jackets and marines. Admiral Walker believes in hard work, and in the early establishment during this transition period of drills that will satisfy the new conditions. The result of this is to make the squadron a school of intelligent experiment, and pleasant as it may be to show the flag under circumstances which dignify the country, all hands are finding the cruise anything but that "mere holiday junketing between pleasant ports" which the hayseed legislator describes as the main achievement of a naval officer's sea-life.

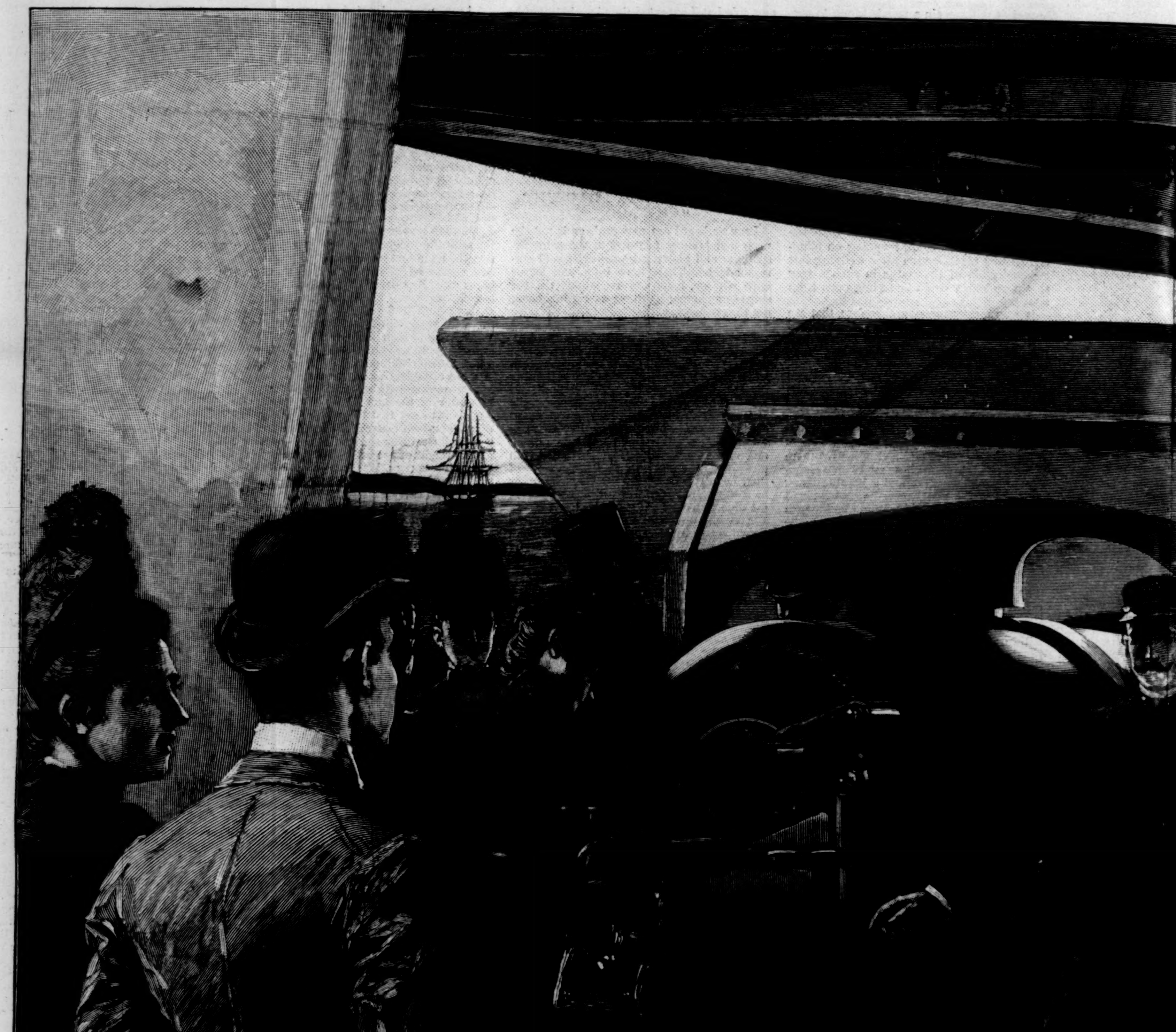
J. D. Jerrold Kelley.

JUNIUS S. MORGAN.

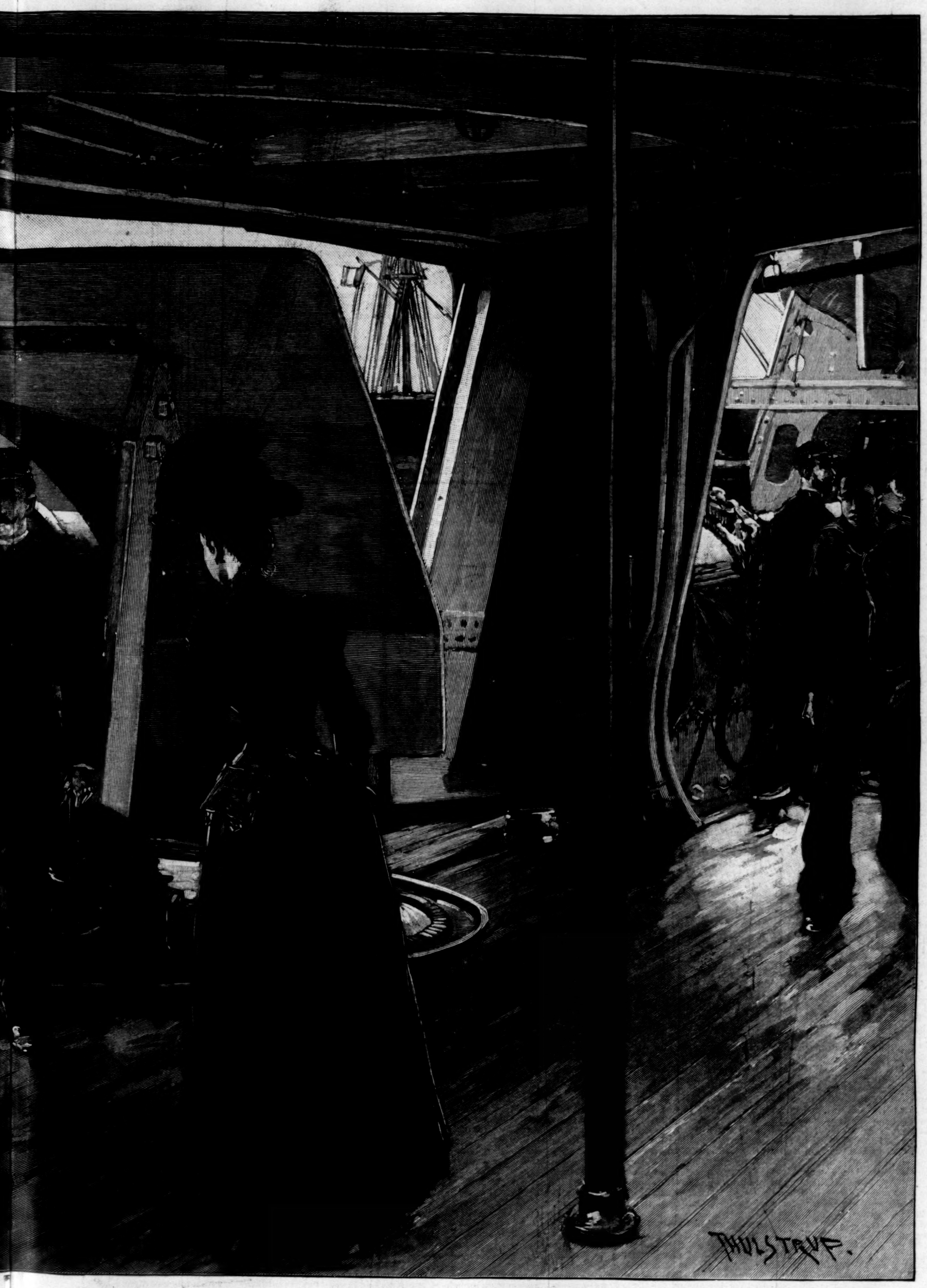
Word was received in New York, April 5th, announcing that Mr. J. S. Morgan, of the London banking-house of J. S. Morgan & Co., had been thrown from his carriage near Monte Carlo and severely injured. He had been driving near that town, when a passing railroad train frightened the horses, and in the excitement of the moment he leaped or fell from the carriage. The horses ran some distance before the coachman could regain control of them, and upon returning to the spot where they started, the driver discovered Mr. Morgan lying near the track in an unconscious condition. He was conveyed to his house, and there found to be suffering from concussion of the brain, added to other serious injuries. From that time he lingered in an insensible state until the following Tuesday, April 8th, when he died.

Junius Spencer Morgan was born in West Springfield, now Holyoke, Massachusetts, on April 14, 1813. He was the son of Joseph Morgan, whose ancestors had been among the early settlers in that district. When four years old his parents removed to Hartford, Connecticut, and he attended school in that town until his sixteenth year. He entered the employ of Alfred Welles, a Boston banker, on April 7, 1829, and at the age of twenty-one he became connected with the banking firm of Morgan, Ketcham, & Co., New York. In the early part of 1836 he returned to Hartford, and entered the firm of Howe, Masher, & Co., dry-goods, as junior partner. In 1850, upon the retirement of the senior partner, the firm became Masher, Morgan, & Co. A year later the firm dissolved, and accepting the offer of James M. Beebe, of Boston, to form a copartnership, Mr. Morgan moved to that city. Under the name of J. M. Beebe, Morgan & Co. the firm became celebrated as one of the largest dry-goods commission houses in the country. While in England in 1853 he made the acquaintance of George Peabody, the millionaire philanthropist, and so attracted that gentleman that a partnership in the banking-house of George Peabody & Co. was offered to him, and a year later Mr. Morgan entered the firm. When Mr. Peabody retired in 1864, the firm became J. S. Morgan & Co., under which name it has steadily advanced until it stands in the front rank among the great banking concerns of the world. In 1836, while a resident of Hartford, Mr. Morgan married Juliet, a daughter of the poet John Pierpont. Four children survive him, one of whom is J. Pierpont Morgan, of the New York firm of Drexel, Morgan, & Co.

Mr. Morgan was a type of the old school, possessing the highest regard for honor and honesty. Beginning life at the foot of the ladder, as so many other Americans have done, he reached the top, and lived to reap the harvest of success, and enjoy the respect and praise of his fellows. Although a resident of England for many years past, Mr. Morgan has never forgotten the country of his birth. Hartford especially has been dear to him as the place of his early successes in business, and only a short time ago he gave $100,000 toward the establishment of a free library in that city. The Hartford Orphan-Asylum has been the recipient of a large sum, which is known as the Sarah Morgan Fund, in memory of his mother, and Trinity College has received many benefits from his bounty. While a resident of Hartford he was an active member of Christ Episcopal Church, and that, together with a number of other institutions, has been substantially remembered. A few years ago a valuable painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, valued at $50,000, was presented by Mr. Morgan to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. His charity has also extended to several other institutions throughout the country. Among his friends and associates in London and New York Mr. Morgan has been always held in high esteem, and his death will be mourned by a large circle, both in business and society. His son, J. Pierpont Morgan, sailed before the date of the accident, and arrived in Europe after the death of his father.



WITH THE SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION—VISITORS TO THE FLA



FLAG-SHIP "CHICAGO."—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 299.]

"OWN FOLKS."

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"PRUDENCE, Prudence, there ain't any spunk in the vinegar!" The voice was querulous and insistent, and made a harsh discord amid the bird songs and soft spring murmurs with which Prudence Favor's soul was half unconsciously thrilled as she hung out her clothes.

"I should like to know what she thinks you're a-goin' to do about it," grumbled Cyrus Larkin, who had chopped some limbs off the dead plum-tree, and was now tying one of Prudence's clothes-lines carefully around it.

Prudence took a clothes-pin out of her mouth and called, cheerfully, "I'm a-comin', Laviny!"

Prudence was a large, finely moulded woman, with the head of a Greek goddess and a great mass of auburn hair which Poultney Corner people called red. Forty-five years had made her figure somewhat heavy and her face a trifle coarse. She was "real good to look at if she wa'n't harnsome," her neighbors said, and "real clever" too, which latter adjective signified in Poultney vernacular a mixture of all the smaller virtues.

"You hadn't ought to humor her so, Prudence; you really hadn't ought to," said Cyrus Larkin, as he tied the line in a strong double knot, keeping his eyes fixed upon the operation.

Prudence surveyed his back with evident astonishment, and the color mounted swiftly to her strong cheek-bones. Whispered criticisms of her conduct toward Laviny had reached her ears many times, but no one had ever dared to speak openly to her before. She turned abruptly toward the house; although she was a prudent housewife, she left one end of a sheet dragging upon the ground. Cyrus had turned his head in time to catch a glimpse of her sudden movement and of the fiery red upon her cheeks.

"You ain't put out, be you, Prudence?" he said, anxiously. "I know I hadn't no right to speak so, but I do hate to see you sot on."

She looked at Cyrus's honest, homely face, quivering with agitation. "I ain't one that could be sot on 'thout I was a mind to be," she said.

A minute or two afterward, Cyrus, who had undertaken to finish her task of hanging out the clothes, saw her hurrying out of the house, with her apron over her head and a small pitcher in her hand.

"You ain't a-goin' clear'n over to Mis' 'Lias Bugbee's after a little vinegar?" he called. "Here, you jest let me take the pitcher! I've got some first-rate cider vinegar, and it's sharp enough for anybody, I'll warrant."

Prudence hesitated for a moment, and then went on. "You're real kind, Cyrus, but I guess I'd better go over to Mis' 'Lias's. Laviny she'll calc'late that Mis' 'Lias's vinegar tastes better'n—better'n other folks's."

Cyrus heaved a sigh, and went meekly on with his task, watching Prudence, meanwhile, as she went "across lots," letting down some heavy bars and climbing a stone wall. A Maltese cat, a sleek and dainty creature, washed her face, sitting serenely on the flat stone outside the wash-room door. Cyrus cast a cautious glance toward the vine-shaded window of the great kitchen, where Laviny, he knew, was eating her late breakfast of warmed-over baked beans and cream toast; then he picked up a small stone, and threw it with vigor and an excellent aim at the sleek cat, supplementing the action with a low-toned but forcible "S-sc-at!"

The cat rushed like a small whirlwind, bristling and spitting, and from some unknown regions appeared three other cats, equally plump and sleek, and joined her mad flight. After them came a small terrier, with his hair in his eyes, barking madly.

"Oh dear! what is the matter?" cried Laviny, coming hurriedly out. "Benny, Benny, I shall have to punish you if you chase dear Estella so. I know you don't mean anything, sweet one, but poor dear Estella doesn't understand. Come here, dear kitties, and you shall have a nice piece of meat to pay you for being so frightened."

Laviny was a tall gaunt woman of forty, who looked older than her age. Her blue eyes were faded, and the fair, childishly silken, curling hair was thin above her forehead. On her high cheek-bones—which, by reason of her thinness, were much more prominent than Prudence's—were patches of color which looked curiously like paint, although they were not. She fed her cats with strict impartiality—three more had appeared as if from space—reminding them reproachfully that they had breakfasted, and ought not to expect to be fed because "dear Estella" was being consoled for her fright, and then, with apparent laxity of discipline, she fed the terrier, the supposed cause of "dear Estella's" sufferings.

Cyrus chuckled wickedly as she went into the house. "It don't seem jest the thing to take revenge on poor dumb creturs," he said to himself; "but I've been hankerin' for a long spell to heave something at Laviny's cats, and I declare it done me good."

He had remained in retirement behind the flapping sheets while Laviny was in sight—an easy matter since he was but a little lean man, and his back was somewhat bent.

"I ain't a mite afraid of her," he murmured aloud, feeling that such ignoble conduct required explanation even to himself. "I should enjoy givin' her a piece of my mind. But it would only be spitin' myself. I'm goin' to have hard work enough anyhow to get Prudence to take a stand agin her. Beats all how weak sensible folks can be on some p'ints. You'd think Prudence wa'n't no more'n the dirt under Laviny's feet to see the carryin's on here, and no reason that anybody knows of but jest that Laviny is five years younger, and her hair curled, and she went to the 'cademy, and had a beau that was a minister and went off and left her, and was always kind of sickly and good-for-nothin' even before she got clear'n off her balance about dumb creturs. Mother she was always sayin' that one of them girls would be crazy because their great-uncle Joel Hopkins hung himself. She calc'lated that 'twould be Prudence; she said her red hair showed that she was high-strung. And she said Favors was Favors; they never was nobody, and never would be. I wonder how 'twould have turned out if I'd courted Prudence strong and stiddy, as I begun when we was young, and never listened to mother? Sometimes I don't know but what Prudence has got a grudge agin me for shilly-shallyin' so. It can't jest suit a woman to be courted kind of slack and easy for twenty-five year. And there was spells, when mother got kind of wearin', that I never come nigh her at all. But she knew jest how 'twas, Prudence did; she knew 't' the farm was left to mother, and I hadn't nothin' but the mill and the medder lot. And mother was a smart woman that had reasons to give for what she wanted you to do. 'Twa'n't nothin' like bein' led 'round by the nose by a foolish cretur like Laviny. What a manager mother was! The farm's worth double what it would have been if I'd run it alone. Prudence could hold up her head with the best in Poultney if she'd only have me instid of workin' herself to death sewin' straw, jest to keep body and soul together, and to buy butcher's-meat for Laviny's cats and dogs. Lizy Ann Green that worked there a spell—the time that Prudence sprained her ankle—she said it cost more for them cats, the way Laviny kep' 'em, than for all the rest of the family. Land! how she did flare up at me once jest because I said, 'Laviny, why don't you let them cats *be* cats?'"

Prudence was coming, out of breath with her haste. She paid no attention to her humble servitor, who was still devoting himself to his self-imposed task of hanging out the clothes. He looked after her with an anxious and distressed face as she passed him in silence. Desperation suddenly seized him. He had felt for a long time that there was one way in which he could win Prudence from her reluctance to marry him, but hitherto his courage had faltered before it.

"If I could only jest convince her that I wa'n't thinkin' a mite of what mother would say! But I never can as long as I *be*," he had said to himself over and over again in despair.

Perhaps "heaving" a stone at Laviny's cat—a far more doughty deed than the uninitiated could understand—had inspired him to even loftier acts of courage.

"Prudence, are you a-mind to take a ride with me down to the buryin'-ground to-morrer afternoon?" he called after her, in a voice that quavered a little in spite of himself.

"I don' know but what I will, Cyrus," said Prudence, with some hesitation, and a voice lowered so that it should not reach Laviny's ears.

"Here's your vinegar, Laviny," she said, as she set the pitcher down upon the table. "Mis' 'Lias said she was afraid 'twas some flat, and if you want Cyrus to get you some of his—"

"I don't want Cyrus Larkin's vinegar anyhow, and I don't want anything that belongs to Cyrus Larkin in no way, shape, nor manner. And I expect nothin' but what folks 'll say we ain't what we'd ought to be, havin' him here hangin' out clothes."

"He means real well, Cyrus does," said Prudence, apologetically. "I was hackin' away at that old plum-tree to see if I couldn't fix it so'st I could tie a line on to it, and he see me, and—and kind of come over with his sharp hatchet. 'Twa'n't no more'n neighborly," she added, in a more spirited tone. "And when I left the clo's a-draggin', he jest kind of fixed 'em up."

"I wonder if Cyrus Larkin *could* do anything so under-witted that you wouldn't find an excuse for him? And a man that has treated you as he has! Why, you got 'most as fur as your weddin' dress once, and then he jest stopped a-comin'. And you a-promisin' to go to ride with him! I expect you're the laughin'-stock of the whole town. A woman of your age! I should 'most think you'd see how ridickerlous it is."

Prudence's face flushed deeply, but she said nothing. She went out into the wash-room and moved about quickly, setting things to rights there. She caught a glimpse through the window of Cyrus going homeward, with his slender bent figure, and with the blue yarn stockings which his mother had always knit for him showing at every step.

"I wonder how many pair of them stockings she has left Cyrus?" thought Prudence, absently.

She wished to stop thinking of Laviny's reproaches. Of course it was ridiculous that she and Cyrus should be in love with each other, she said to herself; but the fact remained. He had been the hero of her young dreams, and the halo of romance still lingered for her around this little homely weak-kneed man, who had been too much afraid of his mother to ask her to marry him. She was even fonder of him now than in her girlhood days. Not only was she one of those steadfast souls who cannot get out of the habit of loving, but now she realized her superior strength, and the element of motherly tenderness had entered into her feeling for him. She had never been able to resent deeply the way in which he had treated her, as people seemed to think she ought to; but perhaps to an unreasonable extent she had disliked Mis' Eunice Larkin, his mother.

When that worthy but masterful old lady had been gathered to her fathers, and Cyrus had straightway returned to his allegiance to her, she had speedily forgotten all bitterness, and, contrary to Cyrus's suspicions, had never been in the least degree troubled about what his mother would think. She had felt as if youth had come back to her, and in the sweet April weather, while she and Cyrus hung out clothes together, the whole world had become paradise. She cared nothing for the giggling girls of Poultney Corner, who were quite overcome at the thought of the stout old maid and her little elderly beau; but with Laviny's complaint about the vinegar—she had not known that Laviny was up—the serpent had entered into paradise.

Laviny "hoped that she had proper pride, and she wa'n't goin' to have anything to say to a man that had treated her sister so," however oblivious of self-respect that sister might become.

"She don't want you to get married jest because she hain't," Cyrus had offended his goddess by saying; and then he had tried to atone by solemnly vowing to "put up with Laviny as peaceable as she did," and even to "pretend that he thought cats and dogs was human creturs, if that would suit Laviny."

Prudence had not yet, however, accepted this generous offer. She thought, while she mopped the wash-room floor, that it was doubtful whether she ever could do so. But at least she would have that drive to the burying-ground the next afternoon. And Prudence was conscious of high courage as she made this resolve. Laviny opened the wash-room door. She wore a shawl and a hood, although the April morning was unusually warm.

"I'm goin' out to see if the air won't make me feel a little mite better. I expect it's been kind of hard for you this mornin', my gettin' up so late and all, but I had that ketch in my side again," she said, in a conciliatory tone.

"Oh, I got along well enough," Prudence said. And she was sympathetic about the "ketch," although in her heart she thought lightly of it. Laviny was always full of ailments, and had been so ever since she was threatened with consumption soon after her betrothed, the minister, proved false to her. She treated herself with roots and herbs, which she gathered in the fields and woods, and which were constantly brewing upon the stove. Prudence's disrespect for these messes was always deeply disguised. "They don't hurt her, anyhow, as real doctorin' might, and I expect they do her a sight of good jest because she thinks they're a-goin' to," Prudence had been heard to say, although the mind-cure was as yet unknown to Poultney Corner.

When the next afternoon Prudence was carefully helped into Cyrus's new covered buggy, she had, to use her own expression, "been through consid'able." Laviny had resorted to her strongest weapon, hysterics, to prevent the drive. She felt utterly worn out, and also oppressed with a sense of guilt. Laviny had said her "ketch" was terrible; she knew it was heart-disease, and Prudence might confidently expect to find her a corpse on her return. This prophecy had been weakened by long usage, and Prudence really had no such expectation; but nevertheless she felt a miserable sense of wrong-doing.

"You look all wore out, Prudence," said Cyrus, tenderly.

"I'm afraid I've been dreadful wrong, Cyrus. I'm strong, and I hain't bore the burdens of the weak as I'd ought to."

"I should like to know who has if you hain't," protested Cyrus. "And some folks ain't so weak as they be obstinate and selfish, that's my idea."

"Oh, Cyrus, you hadn't ought to say that! Laviny hain't never been real rugged, and she ain't fit to do for herself; folks that thinks she is, don't understand. I ain't mean and wicked enough to feel that it's hard to do for her, but I can't always feel to give in to her, and I'd ought to, because it works her up so when folks don't. Seems as if I'd ought to be real sanctified, with all the discipline I've had, but I ain't a mite—not a mite."

"Seems as if 'twould be a good plan to let Laviny do some of the givin' in, and get her share of the sanctifyin'," said Cyrus, dryly.

Prudence looked at him in a kind of perplexity through the mist of trouble in her eyes. She had a truly feminine lack of humor, and Cyrus's little vein, as thin and dry as himself, was always wasted upon her.

"Laviny ain't a professor, you know; she don't seem to sense religion like some. Aunt Octav'us she thinks I'd ought to worry about it, but I can't help thinkin' there'll be allowance made for them that ain't like other folks. And—and—there don't nobody know—mebbe doin' for the least of these may mean poor dumb creturs as well as folks. There ain't enough thought of 'em, Cyrus, and that's certain. Laviny's a sight better'n other folks about some things."

"For my part give me them that feels for folks first," said Cyrus, stubbornly. "And I can't see as it's agin nater or Scripter for cats to ketch mice."

"Laviny is tryin' about not havin' the fowls killed," admitted Prudence. "We've got a terrible sight of roosters."

"'Pears to me that folks that gets such ideas as them into their heads must be nigh about crazy," said Cyrus. And then he drew himself up suddenly in great alarm. He would not for the world have reminded Prudence of her great-uncle Joel Hopkins, who hung himself. He was relieved to see that she showed not the least sign of disturbance. In fact, if Prudence had not entirely forgotten this unfortunate relative, his memory remained too far in the background of her mind to be easily recalled. And she had never heard of this one of Mis' Eunice Larkin's objections to her as a daughter-in-law.

They had now reached that turn in the road which they must take to reach the cemetery, and Cyrus reined in his horse, and his countenance showed doubt and dejection.

"I don' know but what 'twould be full as pleasant to go 'round by the mill and through the pine grove, after all," he said, hesitatingly.

"Oh, le's do jest as we set out to, Cyrus; I always do like to do as I set out to, and it's consid'able of a spell sence I've been to the buryin'-ground," said Prudence.

Cyrus looked at her keenly. "She thinks I hain't got the courage to take her there, but I'll jest let her know that I have," he said to himself. And he chirruped to the horse almost gayly as he turned him into the cemetery road. In fact, Prudence had no suspicion whatever of Cyrus's reluctance to take her to his mother's grave; she was influenced merely by that mild taste for cemeteries which was universal in Poultney. Cyrus hitched his horse at the gate, and they walked through the shaded paths in the afternoon's drowsy stillness. In the peace of the scene and in Cyrus's companionship, Prudence felt so soothed and comforted that she almost forgot Laviny's hysterics.

It was at a large lot, where several generations of Larkins reposed in peace, that they came to a pause. Prudence sat down under the shade of a weeping-willow which drooped over the freshest mound. It looked as if she were sitting unconcernedly upon the grave, as she fanned herself with her hat and asked Cyrus a question about the new fence. Cyrus wiped his forehead as if he was heated, but his face was pale, and he stammered as he tried to answer her.

"Why, Cyrus, how you look!" cried Prudence, suddenly. "I ought to have thought that 'twould be affectin' to you to come here."

It did, in truth, seem to her vaguely surprising that any one should feel a tenderness for the memory of Mis' Eunice Larkin. Her own feelings had been quite softened toward her as she looked at the mound where, after her grim battle of life, in which she had subdued all her kinsfolk to her will, she now lay, heedless of her fallen sceptre. But now that she was dead, she thought very little about her. Laviny, with her active, hysterical objections to the marriage, was much more important.

"I shouldn't wonder if—if 'twas shadier and—and pleasanter over the other side of the buryin'-ground," stammered Cyrus.

"Why, it's real hot and sunny over there, Cyrus. I never did see such a day for April. But—but I'd ought to have remembered that she was your mother. Le's go and set a spell under the pine-trees outside the gate."

Once outside the gates, Cyrus was himself again. "I—I hope you don't think 'twas my fetchin' *you* there, Prudence, that upsot me so," he said. "I hain't been there many times, and she *was* my mother, as you say. And she was a good one, too, and smart. She had great reasonin' faculties, mother had."

"The Bemuses was smart folks, I've always heard," said Prudence, magnanimously.

Cyrus gazed at her curiously and tenderly. "Prudence, I b'lieve you be the best woman that ever lived," he said, with intense conviction. "And I ain't a-goin' to let anything stand between you and me no longer, anyhow. It ain't no use talkin' about Laviny's objection, nor hollerin', nor nothin'. She'll be a sight bettern off where there's plenty of everything and nothin' grudged to her, and she'd ought to know it. She hain't no right to regerlate your life anyhow; but if folks are only obstreperous enough—own folks—there's some that 'll give in to 'em jest as if they was slaves. I don't b'lieve in no such doin's myself. I always were of an idee that folks hadn't but one life to live, and they had a right to live it as they was a mind to."

Prudence looked at him a little slyly, remembering what all Poultney knew, that he had been all his life "under his mother's thumb." But he looked so honestly unconscious and courageous that her smile died away in admiration. She had never known Cyrus to seem so manly.

"Laviny 'd ought to know that you can't go on always workin' as hard as you do now, and there ain't goin' to be no chance to sew straw by hand a great while; they're gettin' up machinery that does every mite of the work."

"I don't calc'late but what Laviny and I could always get along with the eggs and the garden sass and all. I ain't thinkin' of marryin' for the sake of gettin' a livin', Cyrus," said Prudence, with a touch of dignity.

"You know I don't mean no such a thing as that, Prudence. I was only jest a-thinkin' how Laviny could be fetched to a better

mind. But as true 's you live, Prudence, there ain't but jest one way for us to do, and that's to get married unbeknownst. As long as she hollers you can't stand out agin her, you be so tender-hearted, to say nothin' of its bein' terrible mortifyin' to have the neighbors fetched in that way. But, you see, if I should jest get a license kind of private, and we should kind of step into the minister's next Sunday afternoon after meetin', why, when she found it wa'n't no use, she wouldn't take on a mite. It wouldn't be nothin' strange if she should be real kind of pleased."

Prudence shook her head. Experience forbade her to take this optimistic view of Laviny's probable conduct. But nevertheless, with little more urging, she assented to Cyrus's plan. She knew even better than he that she could not openly "stand out agin Laviny." She resolved with desperate courage that for once she would have her own way, "live her own life," as Cyrus said.

As for Cyrus, he went home so full of triumph that the painful emotions which had overcome him at his mother's grave were almost forgotten. He went about the house that night thinking of changes in the arrangement of the furniture that Prudence might like to make, and feeling a pride in the abundant housewifely stores which were waiting for her.

But that night he dreamed of his mother so vividly that when he awoke he could scarcely believe that it was a dream. She had stood beside his bed, her tall figure and keen old face sharply distinct in the moonlight, and had thrown upon the floor the key of her ancient linen-press. (He had searched high and low for that key, and had not been able to find it.) With this act of surrender she had turned upon him a terrible face, and had said that Prudence Favor was crowding her down into her grave, and that she and Laviny had made a plan to strangle her with her own best table-cloths.

Cyrus awoke with cold drops upon his brow, and he groped about upon the floor for the key before he could persuade himself that it was a dream. The next night he dreamed it all over again, with yet more thrilling effect; and he was so disturbed that he felt it necessary to take a trip to L——, a small city near by, to divert his mind, making the purchase of some agricultural tools the excuse. This weakened the impression made by the dream, and revived his courage, so that he stopped on his way home the next forenoon and obtained the marriage license. When he reached home he found his aunt Cynthy Prouty, his mother's sister, waiting for him. She had keen eyes like his mother's, and as she looked at him, Cyrus felt as if the marriage license in his pocket were clearly visible.

"I come over to fetch you the key of the linen-press, Cyrus, and to tell you the dyin' charge that your mother give me," said Aunt Cynthy, impressively. She drew a key from her pocket and threw it upon the table before Cyrus, who was conscious that his hand trembled as he picked it up. "I don't really s'pose you need to be told what she said, Cyrus, for I expect you know too well what b'longs to your mother's memory to need any warnin'; but there *is* a sight of talk, so I thought I'd jest come over." Aunt Cynthy's tone had become mollified as she looked at her shrinking nephew. "It was the last night I ever watched with her," she continued, having recourse to her handkerchief. "She'd been a little mite wand'rin', and her mind 'peared to run on her best table-cloths. She thought a sight of her table-linen, your mother did, and nobody up this way ever had no nicer. When she drawed that key out from under her piller she was jest as rational and sensible as ever I see her. 'You keep it, Cynthy,' says she, 'for I couldn't rest easy in my grave with them Favors let loose 'mongst my nice things. Like as not they'd use my double damask snow-drop table-cloth and napkins every day; and I expect nothin' but what they'd put the linen sheets onto the hired man's bed.' I said I'd keep the key so's they couldn't, jest to peaceify her, and I thought she'd kinder dropped off; but pretty soon she began to be restless agin, and, 'Oh dear,' says she, 'my pound-for-pound preserves would be jest as common as apple sarse if them Favor girls should get here. And how could Cyrus with his dyspepsy stan' her saluratus? There never was slack folks like them that didn't use a sight of saluratus.' 'Now don't you take on so, Eunice,' says I, 'for Cyrus won't never do no such a thing.' And whatever folks tells me about walkin' home from prayer-meetin' together, or takin' her to the buryin'-ground, or diggin' up her garden for her, I says the same thing, Cyrus won't never do no such a thing. Now don't you say a word, Cyrus. You jest let me have my say." A quite unnecessary command, since poor Cyrus was overwhelmed with trouble too deep for words. If he had felt a momentary impulse to defend the lady of his love, he had not the spirit to try to arrest the flow of Aunt Cynthy's eloquence. "For my part, I hain't nothin' to say against Prudence Favor," pursued Aunt Cynthy, with an air of great magnanimity. "She's a sister in the church, and I can't say as ever I heard anything against her Christian character. But Favors is Favors; *that* we *all* know. Her father was shif'less, and her mother was poor-sperited and sickly. And them that was brought up slack will be slack. And a man that marries Prudence has got to marry Laviny, so to speak, and her whole menadgery of creturs. I don' know as your mother could be expected to lay still in her grave with them cats and dogs a-layin' round on her stuffed chairs and sofys. But, there! there ain't no need of my sayin' this, and I know there ain't, if folks does talk. But your mother, she wouldn't be peacified when I told her you wouldn't do no such a thing. Says she, 'Prudence Favor 'll get round him when I'm dead and gone, mark my words!'"

Cyrus plucked up a little spirit, in spite of the fact that Aunt Cynthy's dramatic powers were so great that he could almost hear his mother's voice. "Prudence ain't the kind that tries to get round anybody," he said, stoutly.

"I ain't sayin' she is," said Aunt Cynthy, quickly perceiving that she had made a false move. "It ain't neither here nor there what she is, the way I look at it. The p'int is whether your mother hadn't ought to have her say about who she didn't want to have the propitty and the nice house-keepin' things that she'd worked and fit so hard to get. You can't remember your father, Cyrus, but I can. You favor him consid'able. He was as good a man as ever stepped, but he wa'n't smart nor strivin' like some. When he died he didn't leave no great proputty; this farm was pretty well run out. Your mother she made it what it is. It's all owin' to her that you're the forehanded man that you be."

"I guess I know it. There ain't no need for anybody to tell me nothin' about that," said Cyrus.

"I was only jest a-remindin' you that your mother had ought to have some say about who was to come after her and have the doin's of her nice things that she set so much by."

"I always calc'lated that a man had a right to marry as he was a mind to," said Cyrus, making an effort to assert himself. But he felt that it was a failure, at least in appearance, as he rose limply, and murmuring something about seeing to his horse, beat a hasty retreat.

Aunt Cynthy, as she drew her knitting from her bag and set her needles to clicking, had the air of being mistress of the situation, but inwardly she had her misgivings. "I didn't come none too soon," she said to herself, with profound conviction.

When Cyrus returned from the barn—it was not until after a long interval, during which he had "chewed the cud of bitter fancy" in the retirement of the hay-loft—she announced her intention of remaining for a short visit.

"It's plantin'-time, but own folks is before crops, as I told J'siah, and I'm a-goin' to stay a week unless J'siah comes after me. I calc'late that girl of yours, Louizy Fickett, will bear a little lookin' after. Oh yes! mebbe she does do well; the house 'pears middlin' clean, but I know hired girl capers better'n you do."

Cyrus succumbed to this dispensation of Providence with a sense of helpless misery. He could not order Aunt Cynthy out of the house, he said to himself; still less could he bring Prudence home and present her to Aunt Cynthy as his wife. He saw her at the Friday evening prayer-meeting, but only for a slight greeting, with Aunt Cynthy leaning imperatively upon his arm. In his long and anxious deliberations he had sometimes almost resolved to slip across the field and explain the state of affairs to Prudence. But Prudence seemed to expect a great deal of courage in a man, and it would be embarrassing to tell her of Aunt Cynthy's objections to her. And there was the blessed possibility that J'siah, her son, would come after her. There was much work to be done in planting-time, and Malviny, J'siah's wife, was subject to neuralgia.

When Saturday passed with no summons to Aunt Cynthy, Cyrus rested all his hopes upon a very severe storm the next day. Then Prudence would not expect him to fulfil his engagement. He was afflicted with rheumatism, which made it very imprudent for him to go out in wet weather. There were hopeful signs of a storm. When the Sunday morning dawned fair and bright, Cyrus felt that even nature and Providence had conspired against him. He left Aunt Cynthy to go to church unattended, pleading illness. So unusual an event as his absence from church would be commented upon, and perhaps Prudence would hear that he was ill.

"Prudence Favor was terrible dressed up with a bunch of white flowers on her bonnet this afternoon," said Aunt Cynthy at the supper table that night. "Some folks don't never seem to see that their time has gone by."

Cyrus was cut to the heart. The thought of Prudence, pale and dismayed, in her hard-earned bit of wedding finery was more than he could bear.

"I ain't acted the part of a man, and I'm goin' right over and tell her so. And I'll fetch her right home here for all of Aunt Cynthy, if she'll come. And I'd jest as lives tell Aunt Cynthy so to her face," he said to himself, valiantly.

But Aunt Cynthy was deep in a Sunday nap in her chair, and Cyrus thought that, after all, it would not be worth the while to arouse her. In fact he slipped out at the front door, an unusual proceeding, and closed it softly behind him. All of Cyrus's experience in life had tended to convince him that discretion was the better part of valor.

The doctor's carriage was driving away from Prudence's door. As she let the doctor out, Prudence saw Cyrus coming, and waited for him. She had on her every-day dress, and her hair was strained away from her temples, so that the patches of gray showed plainly. Her face was pale, and showed traces of tears.

"I'm an orfle wicked woman, Cyrus," she said. "If I hain't killed my sister it's only by the Lord's mercy. She kind of got wind of what was goin' on. I expect Jo Liscomb told about your gettin' a license. And then I'd got some new fixin's." Prudence flushed all over her pale face. "I expect 'twas silly, but I'd kind of got to feelin' as if I was a girl agin, and I didn't want you to be ashamed of me. She hollered when she see 'em, Laviny did, and I jest went off and left her hollerin'. Seems as if the Lord had hardened my heart, jest like Pharaoh's, let-tin' me be all took up with gettin' married."

"Prudence, you'd ought to have more strength of mind than to be drove by her hollerin'," said Cyrus, severely. "She knows she can drive you—"

"I'm surprised at you, Cyrus, to say such a thing. She can't help it. She's jest a poor little cretur, and I've treated her cruel." Cyrus smiled bitterly. The "poor little cretur" was half a head taller than tall Prudence. "When I come home from meetin', she was layin' here alone in a dead faint. I thought much as could be she was dead. When I'd fetched her to a little, I run for the doctor. He says she hain't got no real heart-disease, but she's got to be kept quiet, and not crossed the least mite—not the least mite—or she may have. And I never thought nothin' of her ketch! Seems as if I couldn't be thankful enough, Cyrus, that you didn't come. S'posin' I'd got to tell Laviny now that we was married! 'Twould kill her, jest as sure as the world! I felt bad at first, Cyrus, real bad; but I heard 'em say that you was sick, and"—she looked at him with a kind of wondering tenderness—"it would have been real unhandy about your aunt Cynthy. Don't seem as if I should have minded her much. But there! 'twas the Lord's doin's." Cyrus uttered an impatient protest. It seemed to him that the responsibility was entirely Aunt Cynthy's. "It's terrible hard to say it, Cyrus—things has been hard between you and me always—but we can't keep company together no more anyhow, and—and you hadn't better come here at all. Laviny she can't stand it nohow, and I've promised her. Mebbe it's jest as well for you to be mad, Cyrus, for then you won't feel so bad. Seems as if 'twas most too bad; but"—a shrill, persistent call of "Prudence!" resounded through the house—"but mebbe in a better world—"

"If it's a better world, it 'll be one where folks has *some* chance to do as they're a mind to!" cried Cyrus as Prudence softly shut the door.

SHAD-FISHING ON THE DELAWARE.

THE coming of the first shad is an event the importance of which may be gastronomic or scientific according to the way you have of looking at it. In 1889 the first *Clupea sapidissima* of the North River was caught on the 1st of April. This year the forerunner of the school was some two days later, so for the last two years shad have been fairly punctual. Generally following an old European custom, the first shad caught in the North River is sent to the Mayor of New York for his own private delectation. In this habit may be found a trace of the older time when certain fish, caught no matter when or where, belonged of right to the sovereign; as, for instance, the sturgeon captured in the Thames, which had to be forwarded at once to the King or Queen of England. There is a pretty story having to do with Joan of Arc and the first shad. When the Maid was at her hostelry in Orleans, the first aloes, or shad, was bought by the landlord, and he would have prepared it for the maid's breakfast. "No," said the champion of France; "I have other fish to fry. When I have driven the hated English back, which will take place about noon, then I will return, and we will have that shad for dinner." The chronicler informs us that Joan did raise the siege, but we are not told whether the Maid partook of shad for dinner on that eventful day.

In Pennsylvania, according to the careful data kept by the United States Fish Commission, the first shad taken last year in the Delaware was on the 25th of March. For this year the date was some four days earlier. So we see, in the one case, that for the North River the shad this year were somewhat later, and for the Delaware somewhat earlier. Just here comes in scientific inquiry as to the coming of the shad, and following the studies carried out by the present efficient United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Marshall McDonald, water temperatures have a great deal to do with the first appearances of shad.

For a long time it was supposed that shad were migratory to a great degree, and in the winter moved in bulk to the South, returning *en masse* when warmer weather set in North. This is found not to be the case. There seems to be the strongest evidence that shad, when they descend the rivers in which they were born as small fish, never leave a great distance between them and the mouths of such rivers. There are slight differences in the coloration of the caudal and dorsal fins of Southern Atlantic fish, and such fish are very rarely found in Northern schools. This shows that the fish go back to the particular rivers they belong to. That they do not go very far from the mouths of certain rivers is evident from this fact that in the neighborhood of New York shad are often taken in winter.

It looks as if there was a close relationship between the movements of many kinds of fish and water temperatures. If then the water be too cold, shad do not ascend the rivers, and so far this season in the latitude of New York, though the winter was abnormally warm, just at the end of March and beginning of April there was a sudden lowering of the temperature. It would be entirely unscientific to jump at the conclusion that because there has been an abundance of floating ice this year that made the sea-water colder. Between that part of the ocean where portions of the icebergs are floating and our shores the Gulf Stream runs, which diverts from our coast line the colder water; but what effects on air temperatures the ice may have brought about is difficult to determine. Taking temperatures of water off Sandy Hook for March of 1890, it has always been from two to three degrees higher than in 1889. For instance, on the 30th of this March it was forty-one degrees at high water, the same at low water on the surface, but the bottom water was between forty-five and forty-six. Last year, on the same date, with the same water, it was on surface forty-one, and the same at the bottom. Then the temperatures went rapidly up in 1889.

No phenomenon in natural science can be determined from the experience of one or even ten years. It is only by close observations over extended periods that deductions can be arrived at. The following is, however, the conclusion arrived at in regard to shad, and it is "that shad occupy a hydro-isothermal belt or area limited by the temperature of 60° to 70° F., and that they move with this belt, as the season advances, into and up the rivers." In that beautiful study of natural equilibrium there may be factors that as yet we know nothing about, but which the United States Fish Commission may discover. When the time of perfect adjustment comes, as Mr. Marshall McDonald expresses it, "the fish are brought, by influences of which they are entirely unconscious, into such relations and under such conditions as to make reproduction possible."

Gloucester, on the Delaware River, on the New Jersey side, has always been celebrated for its shad fisheries. Drift nets and gill nets are used, and these are sometimes from 200 to 250 fathoms in length. Deep water is a necessity for a drift net, and at the same time there must be a shelving bank, so that the nets may be readily hauled inshore. The true gill net is stretched on stakes. The illustration shows the hauling of a net, and the fishermen are putting the catch in a small boat, the shad to be at once sent to the market. As to value, the shad fisheries of the Delaware River are of the greatest importance. The epicure in shad is generally inclined to believe that the farther north shad is taken, the better it is. In the times of the past, however, when Philadelphia was a smaller city, and the Delaware and Schuylkill flowed unpolluted, the fish caught near that city were deemed the finest. To-day Connecticut shad fetch the highest price.

RUSSIA.

"Russia! Russia! I behold thee from my wondrous beautiful distance."—GOGOL.

SATURNIAN mother! why dost thou devour
Thy offspring, who by loving thee are curst?
Why must they fear thee who would fain be first
To add new glories to thy matchless dower?
Why must they flee before thy cruel power,
That punishes their best as treason's worst—
The treason that despotic chains would burst—
That makes men heroes who in slavery cower?

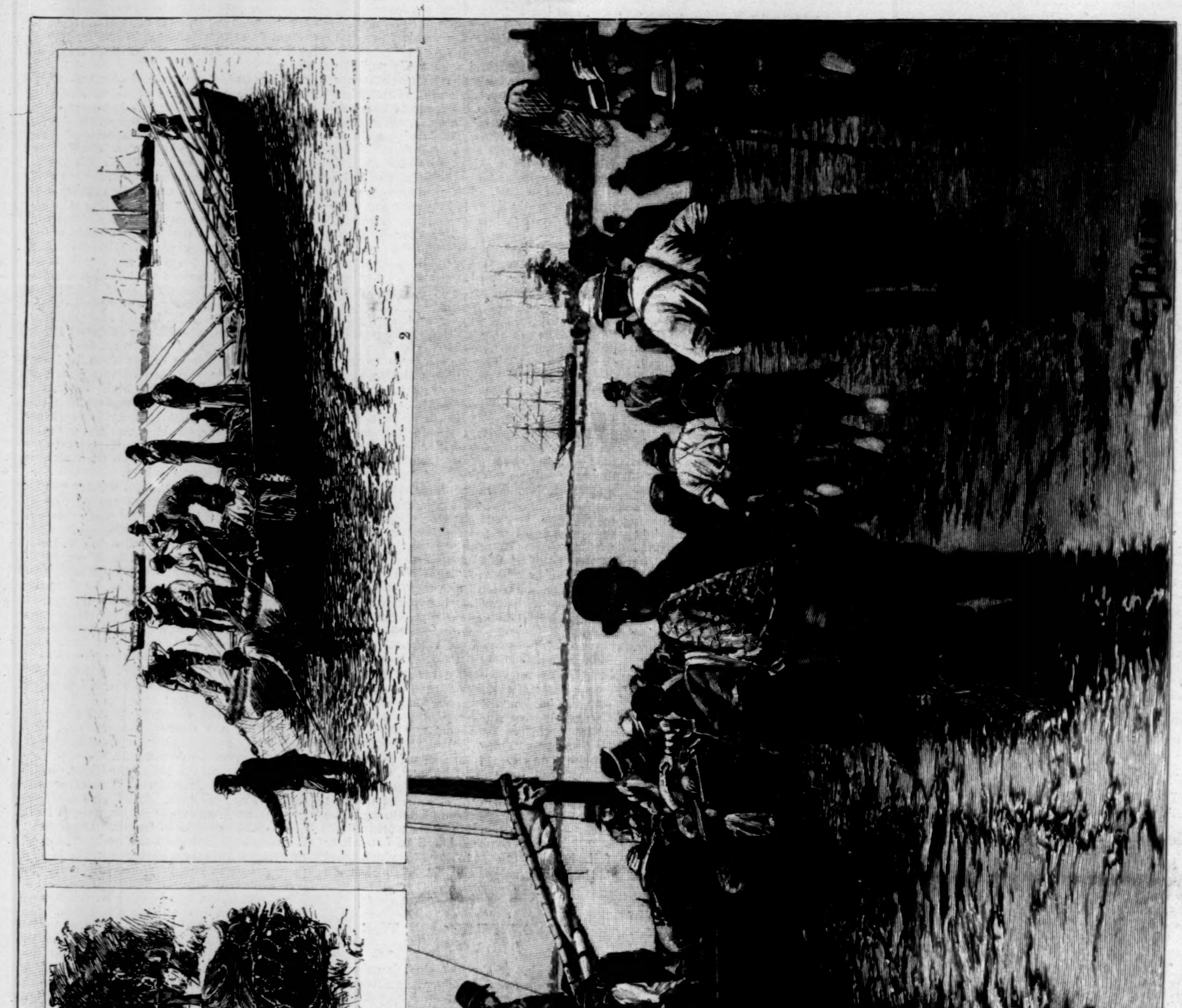
Upon thy brow the stars of empire burn;
Thy bearing has a majesty sublime.
Thy exiled children ever toward thee yearn;
Nor should their ardent love be deemed a crime.
Oh, mighty mother of men, to mildness turn,
And haste the advent of a happier time!

SIBERIA.

"ALL hope forego, O ye who enter here!"
Here winds are sweet with breath of myriad flowers,
The skies arch blue o'er lands of richest dowers,
And all the fairest gifts of earth appear.
All hope forego? Why, surely hope, not fear,
Should view this land, whose belting Ural towers
With wealth of gold and precious stones, and powers
Of mighty rivers winding far and near!

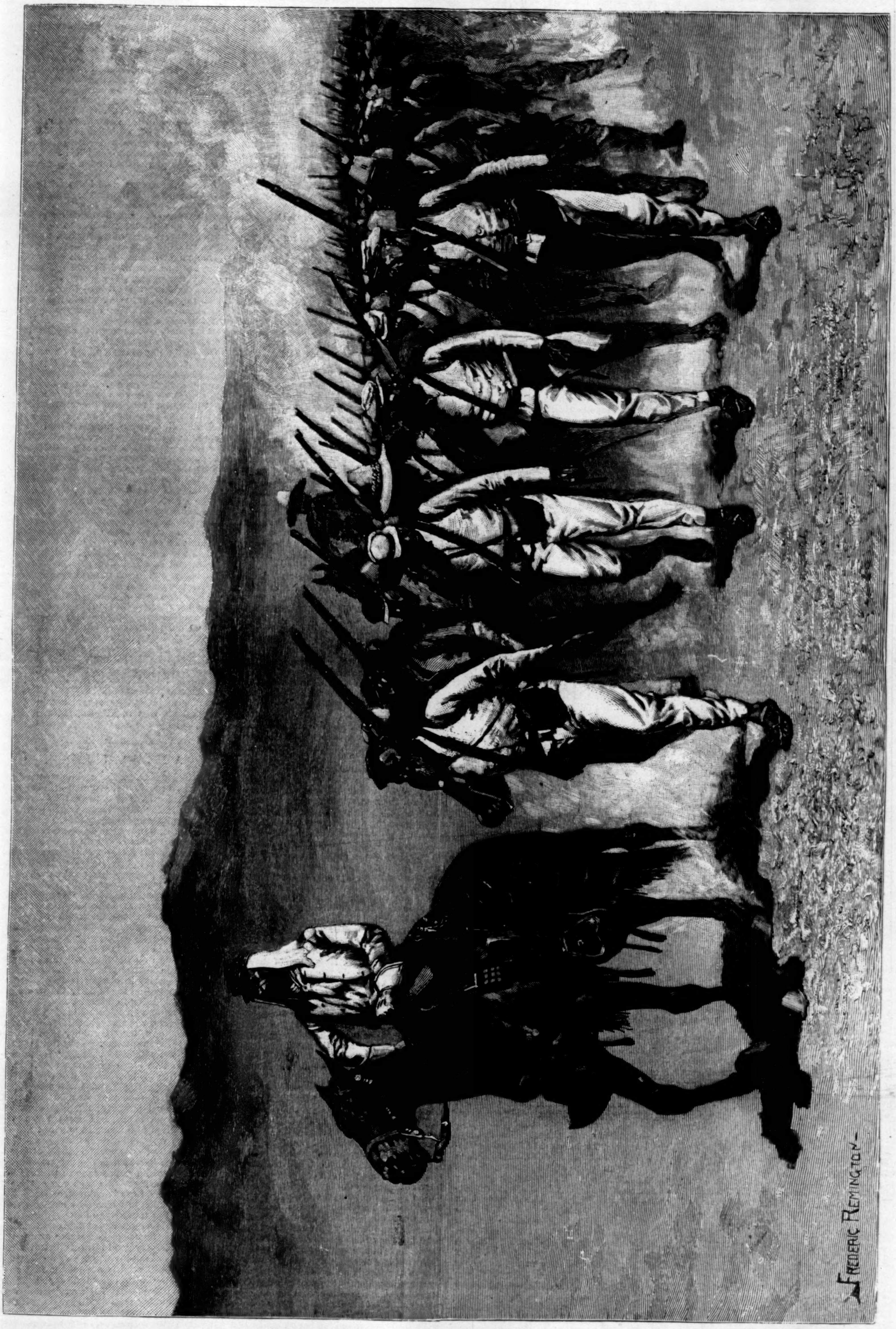
Yet look! What mean those melancholy trains
Of desperate men and sad-eyed women, looking back
To bid that awful bourne a last farewell?
O hear those groans, those sighs, those clanking chains,
As on they drag along the hopeless track
That leads, if not to death, to worse than hell!

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.



SHAD-FISHING ON THE DELAWARE.—Drawn by C. J. Budd.—[See Page 303.]

1. Drawing in the Shad Net. 2. Putting the big Shad Net into the Boat after the Haul.



MEXICAN INFANTRY ON THE MARCH.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 306.]

OF A FRIDAY IN THE JEWISH QUARTER OF NEW YORK.

FOLLOW the Bowery, that artery of a great city. Take a side vein as it were, Hester Street, and that carries you to the true Jewish heart centre of New York.

On the left-hand side of Hester Street, working your way toward the East River, you see the first Hebrew sign. It is a tentative inscription as it were, but lower down on the same street Jewish sign-painters assume entire control, and all trades and occupations are inscribed in Hebrew characters. You might take your Hebrew and Jewish pocket lexicon, and find it, save for a few words, an utterly useless book. The words on the street are a farrago of Hebrew, Russian, Polish. The quarter assumes the idea that you are polyglot. Men, women, and children would laugh if you asked if Hebrew were a dead language, for here it is a very lively one, the antiquated characters become rejuvenated and even cut capers. Moses and Abraham, with Polish terminations to their names, make stove-pipes, men's overcoats, and give you their titles and occupations in Hebrew.

As far as signs go, the picture language of the thoroughfares is meagre. Now and then, however, self-constituted artists assert their skill. Several fish venders have produced forms of fish rather less truthful to nature than those the old Egyptians drew in their river pictures. There is one sign, however, which was puzzling. At first sight it looked like a huge green mitten. Under it was something in Hebrew untranslatable, but then followed in small English script, "Fine Improved Baths." It was satisfactory to know that means of ablution were at least possible in the quarter.

Friday is *par excellence* the day of activity, and the streets are full of life. Then the people buy their provisions for the Sabbath. It commences, as everybody knows, at set of sun on Friday, and continues up to the same hour on Saturday. It would be transgression of the law did any one of these people buy even a crumb of bread during the hours devoted to worship. The Friday night supper—that little feast of the Jew extolled by Heine—is then held sacred. Every dish is prepared with unwonted care, and the poorest save their money to add some little thing to the feast.

Exactly why there should be fish on the table of the poorest Jew of a Friday night has never been properly explained, but fish is *de rigueur*. Did Catholicism take from modern Judaism its Friday fish-eating? If we study Doughty rather than Renan, going far back into the history of that Arab stock from whence sprang the Jew, it seems difficult to comprehend how he became ichthyophagous. The desert could have had no fish-ponds. The fish of the Red Sea are not inviting. Further south, toward the Persian Gulf, fish as food improves. Ethnological considerations have strange relationships with what certain races eat. It is supposable that when the Jews followed the Moors across the straits into Spain universal fish-eating was introduced. From the Mediterranean and Atlantic came fish to Spanish and Portuguese Semites, and strangely enough there is persistence shown in the precise preparation of fish. In this Jewish quarter there are restaurants, and in the windows are exposed portions of fish of a golden yellow color—saffron—as was used in Granada a thousand or more years ago. The purveyor for Jewish palates takes saffron to-day to tinge and flavor his fish with.

The trade in fish seems to be here of paramount importance. Generally the fish are small, and include only the fresh-water varieties. Sea-fish, with the exception of the poor "daps," are not visible. The reason is evident. These fresh-water fish are not so much cheaper, but the Russian or Polish Jew will eat of no fish he is not accustomed to. There might be by chance a fish horrid to him, because it has no scales, or visible scales, and then the food would be impure. Small perch, minute white-fish, undersized pike, were in eager demand. There were great barrels of salted herring exposed for sale at the corner groceries, where the poorest might buy their penny's worth for the evening's meal. It must be borne in mind that this quarter is essentially a poor one. Perhaps nine-tenths of the people earn a scanty living with their needles and sewing-machines, and so the little money they have to spend must go as far as possible.

Here is a woman buying eggs. The fragile merchandise is of the poorest grade; those eggs which through rough handling have had their shells cracked. At least the purchaser of a fractured egg can tell of the quality. The woman exacts the right of testing the conditions of the eggs she is to pay for. She takes a broken-handled beer tumbler from her basket, selects three shattered eggs, deftly chips them on the rim of her glass, inspects rapidly whites and yolks, pours them into her tumbler, pays her three cents for them, and goes.

I follow this woman. She seems sharp, and yet good-natured. She has her word to say with every vender. She talks incessantly, and cracks jokes with them. Sometimes I catch a syllable, but only here and there, of a clipped Hebrew word, with an impossible foreign terminal to it, and an occasional phrase in English, which English is as outlandish as if a Pawnee woman were to utter it.

The woman is past fifty, and wears a scratch—the ugliest of all known wigs. It is a mere shred, a mangy whisp of false hair, with an uncommonly bad artificial part to it. It is not more than a three-finger-breadth of a wig, and she carries it awry, and her own hair, with gray streakage through it, would be so much more becoming. She wears her scratch, which hangs over one temple, because she is an orthodox Jewess. Probably she is a Polish woman. She has been taught by a cruel tradition that it is unbecoming for a married woman to wear her own hair, and so she makes that greatest of all sacrifices when she dons a scrawny wig, and tries to make herself hideous. The poor soul does not know that she follows the fashion of the Japanese married woman, who for precisely the same reasons blackens her snow-white teeth.

Wearing her wig awry, the woman crosses the street. A pitcher gaudy in color—of a boiled lobster color, with daubs of a coppery gold—attracts her attention. Horrible as is the shade and form of it—for it is a failure in the kiln—the jug would still be cheap for a half-dollar. Its price is twenty-five cents. It fascinates the bewigged woman. The vender holds the lure aloft, and vaunts its magnificence. The woman signals, and the peddler, with uncommon alacrity, crosses to the shady side of the street. She has the jug in hand. I notice that once having hold of the jug she goes to where the sun shines, and lifts the vessel to her eye. Her black eyes twinkle. She is up to his dodges. The jug has a fire split in it, and yet has that clear ring a sound vessel gives. She at once returns the jug. Then follows chaffing in a queer mongrel dialect. I brush up such bits and stray ends of speech as I possess, and I find what she says is about this: "What an uncommon smart Alick you must be to try and sell me a pitcher with a crack in it! Go, you little rascal, on your ways, and try and find a fool." And she snaps her fingers at him. The man's answer is something which sounds English, but it is the English of Cracow. "Vat you vants? Be-auttiful chinay for dwenty-five cents? I never say wunst you put vine in dat bitcher, but artefishul fe-lowers, even if you haf to vate undil your dochter she gets a pridegroom; and she must be past dirty dis day, begause she was so ugly." This seems to me to merge beyond the lines of polfte badinage, but the woman laughs all the more merrily. She replies in her English. It has a distinct Assinaboine coloration this time, for she may be a little excited. "Zo! Why, my tear young mans, you is as much gracked as your chinay. My dochters they was both married more as twelf year ago, and I is a grandmudder seven dimes; but you von't be one of dem as is to be invited to the bemitsver." And, snapping her fingers again, she crossed the street.

The large proportion of the venders of horseradish in New York must have certainly held rendezvous in the quarter. Am I to suppose that this biting condiment is one of the staffs of life? Is it the typical bitter root the Jews eat at their Passover? Everybody is buying horseradish, and I should feel disappointed if my old woman did not. She does. Here is an old crone, with her barrow that blocks the way. Notwithstanding her calling, and what might be supposed callousness to the erosive action of horseradish, though she cries over her work of grating the root, the older woman was merry as a grig. There is an interchange of gossip. While a battered tin cup is being filled with a penny's worth of horseradish many compliments are interchanged. Some one expects an addition to the family, and there are most tender expressions of womanly solicitude. Next there is a seller of garden herbs, and the woman is fastidious in the selection of a bunch of parsley, taking one having more roots than leaves. "Ach, matame!" says the vender, "who but me should know what makes a good fish stew?" Then in Hebrew he wishes her a happy Sabbath and a prime digestion.

The woman puts a pudgy forefinger, with a big ring on it, to her forehead. Evidently she has forgotten something. I am inspecting her basket. The foundation of the feast is there—a dozen small perch. What else can she want? It is an onion. She buys three onions, inspecting them closely; then inspects lemons. The lemons are miserable specimens—the rejections of the fruit boxes—as far as outside skin goes; but probably it is only the juice she wants. She pays two cents for the three lemons, which is cheap enough. Now she is attracted by a toy, a curious one, adapted to the locality. It is a tin camel, with an Arab bestriding the hump of the beast; one of those toys with a surface only, and no thickness. The last two cents are extracted from her frayed pocket-book, and camel and Arab, all in profile, are hers. Certainly one of the grandchildren is to be made happy. But with the versatility of her race, suddenly a look of chagrin pervades her mobile face. Can it have been that the seller of those poor frowsy little dolls has brought it about? It looks as if that doll had recalled to her some sense of injustice. She fumbles in her pocket-book. There is not a penny left. Up goes her skirt. Her heavy petticoat is visible, and tied round her sturdy waist is a leather bag. Certainly there is where she keeps her sacred store, the money she has accumulated penny by penny. There may be some poor devil of a Jew, a nephew in Galicia, who counts on his aunt's aid to free him from bondage; for she has promised to pay his way to America. The woman ponders for a while. The doll man is stolid. A five-cent doll with its clothes on must be cheap for the money. She offers three cents. He splits the difference, and says "four." She hesitates no longer. The doll is hers. For an instant her extravagance has appalled her. Gradually composure comes. In a moment afterward she has disappeared within the dingy door of an ugly tenement-house, but she has brought joy and light within it.

The bread exposed for sale is peculiar. The bakers make a lumpy loaf, a kind of twist, which is kidney-formed. It is yellow, varnished with an egg glaze. A queer kind of crêpe, saucer-shaped, strewn with seeds, is in great demand. There are huge tins, three or more feet square, six inches deep, containing some kind of a gingerbread. One lump of that would gag famine, and bring about chronic dyspepsia.

Over every shop there is painted not once, but twice, in Hebrew the sign, כשר, "Kosher." This means that the viands exposed for sale are pure, acceptable within the law, and not "triber" or impure. The beef has been slaughtered by bleeding to death, with a knife that has not even a notch to its trenchant edge. Then the intestines, the heart, the liver, of the animal have been examined, and been declared sound. The poultry, principally geese, have not suffered death from strangulation, but have been bled with a sharp knife. These geese look singularly poor and forlorn, as if desponding over loss of plumage. How deceptive are those sausages, looking for all the world like those made of the flesh of the swine, abhorred by Jews! But these sausage festoons are imitative only on the outside of the Nazarine Jersey ones, being crammed with Kosher beef.

Wine-shops and drinking places are common, though intemperance is rare. I see no tipsy man in the whole quarter. Alcohol stimulant affects races so differently. A Persian exceedingly drunk is really the most affable of men. The Jew in his cups overflows with good-nature, as does the Russian. The Jew does drink, but a little stimulant goes a great way with him. He buys wine because at some of his religious merrymakings the feast would be no feast without wine. The various liquors are quoted in drinking establishments in Hebrew, and cocktails and gin slings have their Semitic translations. You can see such alluring appeals as "The largest and best glass of brandy in the city for five cents."

The restaurants are in the cellars. In the windows cooked bits of fish are exposed, and "Kosher" in florid Hebrew often repeated assures the hungry of the purity of the viands. There are many venders of undersized candles, who seem to be doing a thriving trade. They are for the Friday evening lights, or for the festival of Hanuckah, where, during the recital of a certain series of prayers, it is supposed that such supplications for grace will only reach the divine ear through this peculiar kind of illumination.

The piety of the neighborhood is manifest when the book-stands (for there are many of them) are examined. There are no English books. All of them are Hebrew books of devotion. The second-hand wares do not seem to be much in demand. There must be, however, old Talmudists in the sombre garrets somewhere who are wasting their lives reading the interminable rubbish of the past, but their musty tomes are treasured. There are no pick-ups to be made at the second-hand book-stalls, and yet—and yet some few years ago the oldest of Hebrew books in print was found in this very quarter, worth to the bibliomaniac its weight in gold.

A peculiarity of Semitic taste is shown by the many play-bills, all printed in Hebrew, which are exposed in the shop-windows. Some of the plays or interludes are called: *The Polnish Boy, The Greenhorn, The Gypsy, The Exile, Esther and Haman, Rebecca, Capital and Labor, The Orphan in Danger, The Russian Soldier.* Here you have shown the various sides of life. How much of the education of these people might be fostered by a national American drama in Hebrew, if you please, I leave to future Jewish playwriters to determine. There are but few print-sellers, and these show Semitic tendencies. Here is a lithograph of the famous Jewish rabbis of the past, and one representing a vast field thronged with Prussian soldiers, whose scarfs around necks and shoulders indicate that they are Jews. It shows an improvised synagogue, the officiating priest, the Prussian Jewish soldiers having the Law read to them. After just such a ceremony many a brave fellow gave there his last words of praise to his God, and died next day on the field of battle.

As to the population, physically it is undersized. Considering man as an animal, the lot is not up to standard. The reason is evident. These are the men of low stature who have not been able to stretch themselves up to the notch the foreign recruiting sergeant has wanted. They are the small ones, the cullings, the Moloch of war has cast aside, disdained as not worthy food for powder. A hard life, poor food, a thousand years of suffering, have in a measure dwarfed these men. But what is stranger is this, the general contour of the face is not Semitic. Having the least anthropological knowledge of race, no arched noses, full lips, nor curling black hair are seen. Noses are flattened at the point of origin. There are many true Tartar snubs, with fairly salient cheek-bones. The type is rather Mongolian. It is not Semitic. There are many millions of Jews to-day, the most orthodox of their kind, willing to die rather than abjure a tittle of their faith, who did not originally spring from the seed of Abraham. In the sixth, seventh, even as late as the eighth century, many Jews flying from Byzantium found a refuge on the banks of the Caspian Sea, made proselytes of the barbarous races there, and Judaism spread. With the fervor of converts, these newly made Jews were more Jewish than the original Jews. Intermarriage with Jews of pure blood has brought about modifications of type, but there is no such persistence in the physical one, and now there is atavism. M. Renan will tell you that in the Jewish population as it exists to-day there is a considerable amount of foreign blood, and so in this Jewish quarter the foreign blood superabounds.

Among the women good looks are rather more common, but the figure, though well developed, is undersized. The "houris" are not discoverable. Hair is much banged by the girls, and "to bang" seems to be a profession, since the hair-dressers add to their signs, "Ladies' bang-cutting."

One might define the Jewish quarter in New York as separated from the Christian one by the oyster. You may see oyster-houses flanking the extreme limits of the Jewish quarter, but never within republican Jerusalem; so in Hebrew can never be read, "Take home a fry in a box."

It is to defy custom to sell the hog product here, and so he is a very brave and bold purveyor of the pig whom Orchard Street, near Grand, flaunts out, or rather hangs up on tenter-hooks his hams, and does that next door to a Levi, with a Polish terminal ending in a "zsty" to his name. It is a quarter where peace reigns, and there are neither racial nor religious dissensions.

Essentially a poor neighborhood, the Chinaman finds a place here to carry on his washing business. His is the older civilization, and amusingly enough the Chinaman respects the Jew, because inclined to believe that the true Semite still carries out some semblance of ancestor worship.

The streets of the quarter are thronged with Jewish boys and girls, who talk, in addition to English, many other languages. No children were visible shivering in thin clothing. There were no bare feet. All looked well fed, comfortable, full of life and spirits, and as rough and noisy a game of base-ball was going on in one block as could be seen anywhere in New York.

The cleverness of these children in the particular public schools in the Jewish quarter has often been noticed. May the history of the United States be carefully taught them there. The "three R's" to the Jewish child are reduced really to two, for as far as arithmetic goes he is naturally mathematical. The Jew boy, the son of that Russian father, should be taught what is the life-blood of the American Constitution, and it is this that not alone now, but forever, man may here worship his God in English, Latin, or Hebrew, as he pleases.

B. P.

A MEXICAN MARCH.

IN the Mexican service, as in our own, the garrisons throughout the country are changed in due order from post to post, so that the soldier's life is pretty evenly divided between the hard places and the easy ones. Even the hard places, however, in some respects are not so hard as those to which our own troops are accustomed; for Mexican garrisons are maintained not in desolate frontier forts, but for the most part in fairly good barracks in cities and towns. When Indian campaigning is in order, the field force is detached from the nearest available point; and when the campaign is ended, the troops come back to civilization again. On the other hand, the Mexican soldier is fed mainly upon beans and Indian-corn; his bed in barracks usually is his allotted place on the floor, where he sleeps rolled up in his blanket; and on the march—since the army practically is destitute of a baggage train—he has to carry the whole of his kit in addition to his arms.

The lack of a baggage train is felt with especial severity when a regiment is transferred to a new post, for the soldier then has to choose between sacrificing what few belongings he has gathered about him, and carrying them with him on his own back. Fortunately for his comfort in this situation—his pay being small and his fondness for gambling large—he is not often heavily laden with personal property; but his lading of arms, accoutrements, and mess properties usually gives him about as much of a load as he can very well dispose of.

Sometimes the regimental band plays "La Golondrina"—which is the nearest equivalent in Mexican popular music to "Home, Sweet Home!"—as the men file out from their quarters, form in column, and set off to the new station to which they have been assigned. But this touch of the musical proprieties is less often added than omitted. As a rule, the regiment just walks away; the men in tolerably good form while traversing the streets of the city which they are leaving; and then, being fairly out on the highway, going along with ragged files and pretty much as they please. Their service uniforms—an admirably sensible dress, consisting of blouse and trousers of brown linen, linen-covered caps, and sandals—are not especially soldier-like, according to our notions; but

to this light rig they unquestionably owe in part their extraordinary capacity to withstand fatigue.

Marching on the Mexican plateau is a severe strain upon both muscles and nerves. Unless some especial purpose is to be served, garrisons are shifted in the dry season, when the roads are ankle-deep with dust, and when the sun beats down, hot and strong, from a relentlessly clear sky, and casts upon everything a blinding glare. It is the way of roads in Mexico, especially in the northern states, to seem interminable. One low ridge of rocky hills is ascended, and from its crest another like ridge is seen half a dozen miles away across an arid valley, over which the waves of heat shimmer and undulate, and in which the only vegetation (if so cheerful a word may be used to describe such brown and yellow bleakness) is thorny cactus, tufts of Spanish-bayonet, and a few distorted and scraggly pita palms—a desolation so complete that it seems unnatural and unreal.

All day long, saving only the hot halt at noon, the march continues through this utter dreariness, oppressed by blighting sunlight, the head of the column (where the officer in command rides with plucky erectness) raising a cloud of dust that grows thicker and heavier with each successive file, until the rear-guard literally is lost in its dark density. The smaller streams and many of the larger ones are dried up, and a draught of fresh water by-the-way is a joy impossible; the water in the canteens grows hot in the fiery rays of the sun, and never anywhere is there so much as a hand's-breadth of shade. And yet such is the power of endurance that these wiry Mexican soldiers possess, the men rarely become exhausted by the way; and at night, when a halt is made at some little town, or at some *hacienda* where water can be obtained, and when the cool delicious wind sweeps down refreshingly from the hills, they are as lively, and go at their rations of *frijoles* and *tortillas* with as much zest as though their eight or ten hours of toiling through heat and dust had been no more than a *paseo*—an agreeable stroll.

It should be, and doubtless is, a cause for thankfulness throughout the Mexican army that with the building of the new railroads, by which all the important cities in the republic, excepting Oaxaca, Durango, and the forts on the west coast, have been connected, the arduous marching heretofore attendant upon garrison transfers in great part has been done away with. The increased military strength of the federal government that has come with this change is obvious. Large bodies of troops can now be moved to nearly all important points expeditiously and without waste of strength by the way.

THOMAS A. JANVIER.

A HUNTER'S "SHACK" IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE Eastern visitor in the markets of the cities near the base of the Rocky Mountains is usually much impressed by the abundance of mountain game there displayed. Before the stalls and doorways are rows and heaps of the carcasses of deer and elk, somewhat rarely a mountain sheep, bunches of wild turkeys and grouse, and often hanging from a strong hook, or disposed upon the sidewalk in a life-like attitude, the huge body of the grizzly or cinnamon bear.

The hunters' wagons no longer come into Western cities from the prairie piled high with skins of buffalo and the dried tongues and other choice parts of the animals, for the buffalo has disappeared from the plains. The antelope is rapidly succumbing to the same fate, for these creatures, whose home is the open country, have no place of concealment. But the apparent diminution in numbers of mountain animals, though in part real, is largely caused by their retirement, frightened by the presence of man and discharge of firearms, into the region of inaccessible peaks and mountain recesses, beyond the reach of the ordinary hunter. Fortunately the natural features of the Rocky Mountain country do not admit of pursuing deer successfully with dogs, and thus the exterminating effects wrought by this mode of hunting in the deer ranges of Maine, New York, and Michigan cannot be repeated in that region. The hunting methods in the Rocky Mountains partake more of the character of the pursuit of game by Indians, who, in killing such animals as they need, do not exterminate the species nor frighten surviving wild creatures from the region.

Mr. Graham's illustration on the first page represents a hunter's "shack" in the Rocky Mountains. The two occupants have selected a site for their cabin in a locality that combines the general character of a favorable hunting-ground and the specific features of a convenient and pleasant encampment. To follow the deer—the game which they chiefly seek—far up the mountain-sides is impracticable in the snowy season; but the hunters know that these shy animals, when the snow is deep, will at some hour of the day descend into the valleys to feed. Their time and mode of doing this vary according to the season of the year, the depth of snow, the extent to which they have been recently hunted in the vicinity, and other circumstances, which are all carefully taken into account by the skilled hunter, who can tell closely the altitude and surroundings in which game of various kinds is likely to be found under given conditions. A heavy fall of snow that sends the deer down to the valleys of the foot-hills will lower the range of the elk only to points midway between the peaks and their bases. The mountain sheep and goats rarely come far below the snow line; and these animals, so difficult to reach, are seldom systematically sought by the "business" hunter, who, of course, is glad to take a shot at them when they are encountered within possible range. A favorite location for the hunter is the vicinity of a salt or alkaline deposit, for such places are very attractive to deer. Sometimes the hunter makes an artificial "lick" by burying a bag of coarse salt in a marshy spot. The gradual dissolving of the salt results in a saline deposit at the surface, which the deer, even when very shy, will take great risks to visit. From behind a "blind," built at an advantageous spot, the hunter shoots the deer as they approach the "lick." Two or three hunters are the usual number in a party, which enables the hunting to be continued while one of the members is taking game to market and returning with supplies.

The "shack," with its walls of upright small logs or splints well chinked with moss, grass, or mud, its roof thatched with evergreens covered, it may be, with a foot of earth, and its warm fire within, is a thoroughly comfortable habitation in the sharp frosty air of the mountain heights. Sweeter sleep could hardly be than that which the wearied hunters enjoy upon their couch of pine boughs laid thickly, and smoothly overlapping, on the floor of natural earth. The mountain valley opens upward into a view of the great peak beyond its head; the air is laden with the balsamic odors of spruce, firs, and pine; the stillness is soothingly broken by the splashing gurgle of the mountain brook and the whispering of the wind in the pines, and sometimes is rudely shattered with the shock and thunder of the distant avalanche. By night for companionship not unwelcome to the hunter comes the howling of wolves about the camp, the barking of foxes, the hoot of the owl, and not infrequently the snuffing and grunting of a grizzly bear, drawn to the camp in the hungry season of the year by the odor of the carcasses of venison hung before the door.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

AN occurrence in the valley of the Mississippi which was recently noticed in the New York daily papers to the extent of some fifteen lines, was vividly illustrative of what most Eastern people literally know nothing about—the perils and the problems of the great Father of Waters. A band of twenty-five men, armed with Winchester rifles, went to the levee at Opossum Fork, and after driving away the guards who were stationed there to protect the levee, they cut a gap through it, letting the water of the swollen river through, and so flooding two counties. This they did, according to the brief despatch which came over the wires, in order to protect their own homes from the danger which threatened them from the pressure on the levee below.

This was as if the people of Jersey City, in order to protect themselves from a threatening danger, should deliberately flood the whole of Staten Island to the depth of twenty or thirty feet. So stupendous an act, if it had happened in the East, would have filled the newspapers of the whole civilized world with comments and detailed description. Happening where it did, it hardly provoked a notice. The local correspondents, learning of it some days after it had happened, sent a bare statement of the fact, without date or detail, and some of the newspaper editors thought it not worth publishing.

Yet the government of the United States spends millions of dollars every year in attempts which have, so far at least, proved totally futile, to confine the great river within its banks, and so avoid the perils which every spring threaten an area larger than all New England and the Middle States.

Two utterances which I heard in the valley of the Mississippi at the time of the great flood of 1882 are fairly expressive of the problem with which the Mississippi River Commission are wrestling. One man said: "I have lived on the river for thirty years, and I have studied it, for it was my business to do so. I have been steam-boating all that time. I am now certain that I don't know anything about it, or about what ought to be done to it."

Another said, "When God put the river into this valley, He told it to go wherever it pleased, and it always has done so, and always will."

The wonderful and often terrible changes that come with the changes of season, and which produce such effects as the artist has shown, are simply inconceivable to one who has not seen them. That a stream so quiet and comparatively small as the Mississippi is at low water, should become a raging torrent of twenty miles average width, and ten feet average depth from shore to shore, throughout the eleven hundred miles from Cairo to the sea, is simply incredible until one has seen it. This river, however, did that in 1882, when the great general overflow occurred. Unnumbered lives were lost that year, and the damage to property was never even estimated. Details were hard to get when communication was so nearly cut off as it then was, and after the floods were over no effort was made to reckon the extent of the disaster.

Since that spring the reports which have come to the East have not indicated any flood equal to the present one, and the only reason why this year has not proved as disastrous as 1882, is that the levees have been strengthened since then. The fact, however, that the levee system has, as a whole, successfully withstood the pressure of the highest water known for many years, is by no means as reassuring as it seems on first consideration, for there is grave reason to believe that the levees themselves serve to increase the very danger against which they are a guard.

The problem is a complex one, and while the plans of the Mississippi River Commission must be accepted as the best practicable, being indorsed as they are by a majority of the best engineers who have studied the subject, there are not wanting capable critics who declare that they are false in theory and essentially dangerous and mischievous in practice.

The main factor in the problem is that which makes news of this article just at the present time. Every spring when the waters of the North are released from their icy bonds, there comes a mighty flood into the valley below. It is not always equally great, of course, and the conditions this year have produced exceptional perils, but the flood comes as certainly as the season does. It may be doubted whether the reports are true that the water is higher this year than it was ever before known to be, but it is unquestionably true that the present flood ranks among the highest.

What to do with this enormous volume of water is the question that baffles the engineers. If it were left unconfined, it would, of course, render vast districts of country uninhabitable, at least for a month or so each year, and even after all the work that has been done, it sometimes happens, as at present, that thousands of people are driven from their homes, and in many cases houses are destroyed, cattle are swept away and drowned, and not a few human lives are lost.

Two principal theories are advanced, one of which is diametrically opposed to the other, and the advocates of each abuse the advocates of the other in unmeasured terms. One is the outlet system. It is argued in favor of this that since the water will come in such quantities as to be dangerous and often destructive, the philosophical thing to do is to provide it with all the outlets possible. Among the many bayous and natural outlets formed by the river near its junction with the sea, it is claimed that a few should be selected and kept clear, so that the surplus water may find its way out as quickly as possible. Such a proposition seems simple, feasible, and rational; but it is not the one which has been followed in the work of the commission, and it is declared by the majority of engineers to be unscientific and radically wrong. The plan that has been adopted is to erect artificial banks (called levees), and to rely upon the "scour" of the water to keep the river bottom free enough to afford a clear passage to the sea. The scour is aided as far as possible by clearing away obstructions where it is desired to maintain a channel, and by placing other obstructions in places where natural shallows have been formed. This is the work carried on by the commission, and is one in theory with that executed by Captain Eads in the South Pass of the Delta. He claimed that if the water flowing through the pass should be confined within comparatively narrow banks, it would scour out the bottom, and so deepen its own bed. The primary result was exactly opposite to this. The water refused to do the work expected of it, and following the law of nature, sought the line of least resistance. Finding the South Pass obstructed, or rather narrowed, much of it turned aside and poured through the Southwest Pass and the Pas a l'Outre, and instead of scouring out the South Pass, scoured the other two to the depth of two feet below where their beds had formerly been. As soon as this was discovered the two passes were partially dammed up, and the water thus forced through the South Pass.

The natural scour has not proved sufficient to maintain the channel that was expected, but powerful dredges have been used supplementarily, and a satisfactory result has been secured. Whether a similar result will be attained throughout the length of the river is a mooted point, but the engineers of the commission are confident of success. Of course the expense is enormous, and it is considered likely that fifty millions will be spent before the work can be considered complete. Even then a considerable sum will have to be spent yearly to keep it in order.

The levees are relied on as the chief aid to the work of the commission, but the commission does not construct them, or even work directly to strengthen them. These levees are nothing more than artificial banks or heaps of soil shovelled up along the line of the natural banks. The commission is working to narrow the wide places in the river, so as to secure a uniform width of three thousand feet. This is done by constructing revetements, consisting principally of mattresses of wire and brush, which are secured by rubble-stone. In other places great quantities of stone are dumped, and various similar means are used to encourage the scour in the shallower parts of the river, and also to prevent the undermining of the natural or artificial banks.

The chief criticism of this plan is based on the fact that the water of the lower Mississippi contains so very much silt in solution. This silt, undoubtedly all brought down by the river from the upper lands, forms the entire surface of the land for many thousands of square miles to an unknown depth—hundreds of feet. As a matter of course, anything that retards the free passage of the water to the sea causes a precipitation of this silt, and it is claimed that the ultimate result of the present system will be to build up the bed of the river so high that the stream will finally forsake its present course entirely, and make a new route for itself. That such a result may follow seems to be a reasonable expectation, though it is likely to take many years in coming—possibly many centuries.

It is asserted, however, that even in the few years that have elapsed since Captain Eads constructed his famous jetties, the bed of the river above has been raised to an appreciable extent. If this be true, the lapse of time may be much less than has been expected before some such catastrophe may occur.

On the other hand, such prophecies are ridiculed by the engineers who endorse the plans of the commission. They assert that the water by being confined in a narrower channel than it would naturally make for itself is really compelled to move on more rapidly, and therefore more forcibly, than it would otherwise do, and consequently, that instead of depositing more silt, it actually deposits less than would be the case if it were unconfined. The complexity of the problem comes from the various attributes, or habits, as they might almost be called, of the great river, and the seeming hopelessness of ever being able to determine which of these attributes is predominant.

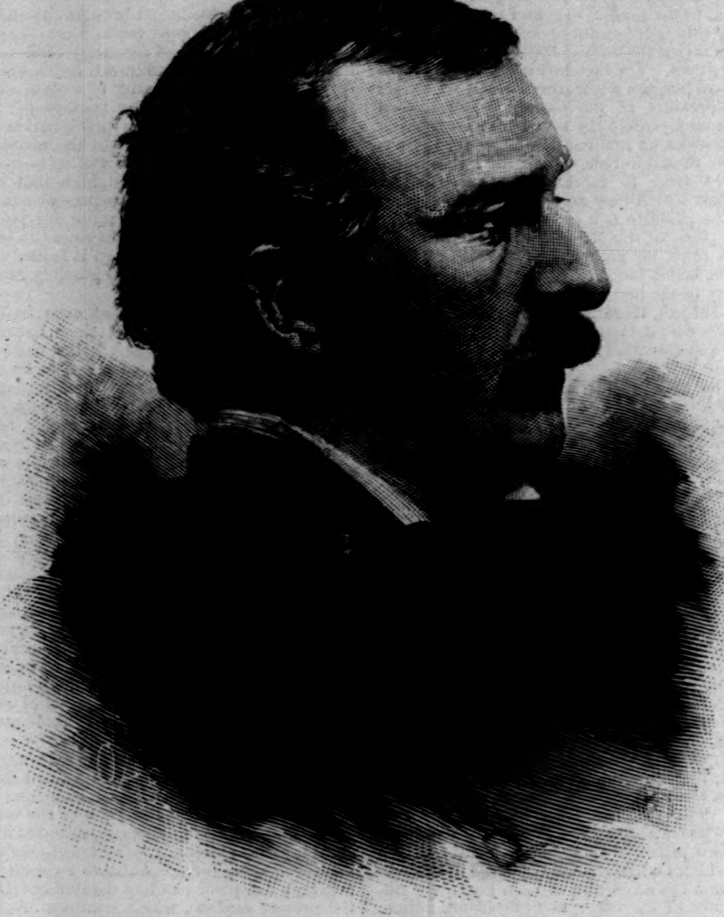
In one respect the casual observer is moved to sarcastic reflections. When a flood does come, like the present one, or even one of much less dimensions, the work of the commission is of necessity suspended, and at first sight it seems extremely ridiculous to see engineers waiting for the water to subside before they can place confines many feet below the present surface, which confines are intended, in part at least, for the purpose of preventing similar overflows in the future.

GENERAL N. A. MILES.

ON the 5th of April President Harrison nominated Brigadier-General Nelson Appleton Miles to be a Major-General in the army in place of the late General George Crook. The distinguished officer thus selected for promotion has had a career of remarkable brilliancy and success. Born at Westminster, in Massachusetts, August 8, 1839, he was engaged in mercantile life in Boston when the civil war broke out. He joined the Volunteers as First Lieutenant of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Infantry, and the following year, May 31, 1862, was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-first New York. With the Army of the Potomac, he took part in all the battles of the Peninsula under McClellan, and then in the Antietam campaign, his regiment being in the Second Corps, then under Sumner. At Fair Oaks he was wounded. In the autumn of that year he became Colonel of his regiment, and in the battle of Fredericksburg commanded a small brigade in Hancock's division of the Second Corps. At Chancellorsville he greatly distinguished himself by checking with his command, consisting then of three regiments and detachments of three others, Jackson's assaults upon Hancock's front, being then in charge of the skirmish line. This service was performed by the intrepid and skilful young officer at a costly price to himself, since he was shot through the body, and carried from the field with what was supposed to be a mortal wound. When the brevets were distributed, his as Brigadier-General in the regular army was "for gallant and meritorious services at Chancellorsville."

During the Virginia campaigns of 1864 and 1865 General Miles added to his reputation as an enterprising officer, and received a commission as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, dated from March 12, 1864, and specifically expressed to be "for distinguished services during the recent battles of the Old Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House." He also afterward received the brevets of Major-General in the regular army for gallant and meritorious services at Spottsylvania, and of Major-General of Volunteers "for highly meritorious and distinguished conduct throughout the campaign, and particularly for gallantry and valuable services in the battle of Reams Station."

At the close of the war, General Miles received the command of a regiment in the regular army, being commissioned as Colonel of the Fortieth Infantry, July 28, 1866. In March, 1869, he was transferred to the Fifth Infantry, and while commanding this regiment acquired a high renown for Indian campaigning. In 1875 he defeated the Cheyennes and the Kiowas and the Comanches on the borders of the Staked Plains. In 1876 he defeated the hostile Sioux in northern Montana, scattering the bands of Crazy Horse, Spotted Eagle, and other chiefs, and compelling Sitting Bull and his followers to take refuge in Canada. His next great achievement was the defeat and capture of the famous



GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.—[See Page 307.]

THE LATE HON. SAMUEL J. RANDALL.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

Nez Percé leader, Chief Joseph, and his band, and in 1878 he continued his series of successes by the capture of a band of hostile Bannocks, his only force being his armed escort. He was promoted to Brigadier-General December 15, 1880, and assigned to the Department of the Columbia, where he remained more than four years; but in the summer of 1885 he was ordered to the command of the Department of the Missouri, and next transferred to the command of the Department of Arizona, and intrusted with the important and difficult duty of hunting down the hostile Chiricahua Chief Geronimo. This task was at length accomplished, an expedition under Captain Lawton, Fourth Cavalry, pursuing the hostiles into the mountains of Mexico, and harassing them so that they were driven to surrender. General Miles has received the thanks of the Legislatures of New Mexico and Arizona for this achievement, as he has also received the thanks of the Legislatures of Montana and Kansas, while the citizens of Arizona further testified their gratitude by presenting to him a sword, which was delivered with appropriate ceremonies at Tucson.

THE LATE MR. RANDALL.

Samuel Jackson Randall, who died in Washington on Sunday, April 13th, was born in Philadelphia on October 10, 1828. His father was Josiah Randall, a well-known lawyer and politician of Philadelphia. His mother was Ann Worrall. Young Randall did not take to the law, but went into business, and from 1849 to 1863 devoted himself to mercantile pursuits. With his father, he attended the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati which in May, 1856, nominated James Buchanan for President. There, as Mr. Randall afterward said, he became conscious that politics was his future. While in business in Philadelphia, he served four years as a member of the Common Council, and during 1858–9 served as a State Senator.

Before the war Mr. Randall had joined the famous City Troop of Philadelphia, and as sergeant went to the front with his company in 1861, when it was attached to the Second United States Cavalry. Later, as Cornet, he commanded the Troop when it was called out to repel Lee's invasion.

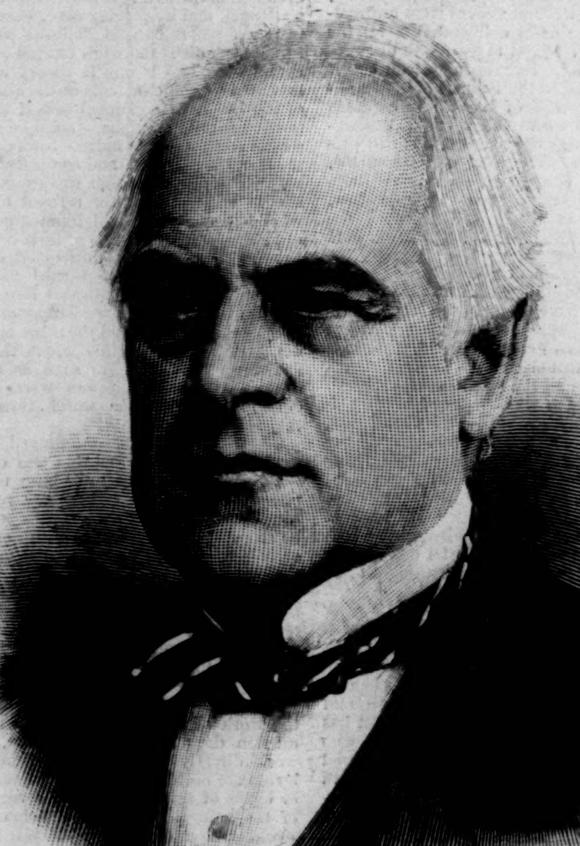
Meanwhile, in November, 1862, he had been elected to Congress as the Representative of the First Pennsylvania District. He was a Democrat; the district was Republican; but his personal popularity won his first election, and the confidence that the voters of the district felt in his loyalty to the Pennsylvania doctrine of protection secured for him thirteen successive re-elections. Mr. Randall took his seat December 7, 1863. In the Thirty-ninth Congress he became the leader on the floor of the Democratic minority of thirty-one.

During the second session of the Forty-second Congress, which expired by limitation on March 4, 1875, the Republican majority made desperate efforts to pass the so-called "Force Bill." The hope of the Democrats lay in delaying it, so that the Senate would not have time to act upon it. The fight lasted for two days and a night in February, 1875. Mr. Randall was on the floor the entire time, eating as he could, sleeping not at all, obstructing all business, until, on February 27th, the bill was passed by a vote of 135 to 114, and sent to the Senate too late for that body to act upon it. This practical victory made him famous.

In December the Democratic majority chose Mr. Kerr as Speaker, and he appointed Mr. Morrison chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, thus recognizing him as the leader of the party. In the succeeding session, however, Mr. Randall was chosen Speaker, and acted as such from December, 1876, to March, 1881, but when the Democrats were again in control, his attitude on the tariff question not commending itself to his party, Mr. Carlisle was chosen in his stead.

Of late years the Democratic party had left Mr. Randall, around whom a small band of protection Democrats had gathered, and he assumed to some extent the rôle of an obstructor. He opposed both the Morrison and the Mills tariff reform bills, and to the latter offered a high-tariff substitute. His advice on parliamentary matters was highly valued, and from his sick bed he directed the Democrats in their recent struggle with Speaker Reed and his rulings.

For nearly twenty years he had occupied the little house in O Street, Washington, in which he died. He leaves a widow—a daughter of General Aaron Ward, of this city—a son, and two daughters, one of whom is unmarried.



THE LATE JUNIUS S. MORGAN.—From a Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.—[See Page 299.]

THE BLESSING OF STRONG NERVES

Is recoverable, not by the use of mineral sedatives, but by a recourse to effectual tonic treatment. Opiates and the like should only be used as auxiliaries, and then as sparingly as possible. Vigorous nerves are quiet ones, and the most direct way to render them so is to reinforce the vital energies. That sterling invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will be found all-sufficient for this purpose, since it entirely removes impediments to thorough digestion and assimilation of the food, so that the body is insured its due amount of nourishment, and consequently of stamina. Rheumatic tendencies and affections of the kidneys and bladder are also counteracted by the Bitters, which is besides a pleasant medicinal stimulant, infinitely purer than the raw excitants of commerce, which react injuriously upon the nervous system.—[Adv.]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[Adv.]

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS

Can use "Brown's Bronchial Troches" freely, without fear of injury, as they contain nothing injurious. They are invaluable for allaying the hoarseness and irritation incident to vocal exertion, effectually clearing and strengthening the voice. Ask for and obtain "Brown's Bronchial Troches." 25c. a box.—[Adv.]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[Adv.]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[Adv.]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[Adv.]

Nicholson's Liquid Bread is a complete substitute for all alcoholic drinks. Persons of delicate constitutions can take it with impunity, and the most beneficial results. Sold by all druggists and grocers.—[Adv.]

Burnett's Cocoaine allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree, thus promoting a vigorous and healthy growth of the hair. Its effect upon the glossiness and richness of the hair is such as cannot be surpassed.—[Adv.]

A WONDERFUL OFFER.

$700 Piano for $1. Sample copy of Indiana State Sentinel sent free to any address, explaining this offer. Address Sentinel, Indianapolis, Ind.—[Adv.]

Angostura Bitters are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite. Try it.—[Adv.]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[Adv.]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[Adv.]

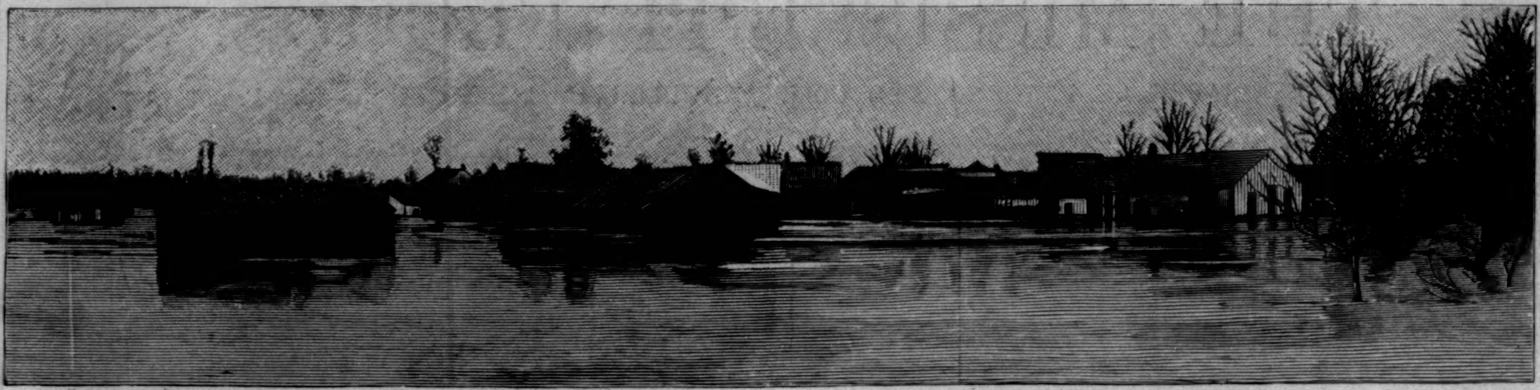
Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[Adv.]

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATORNO AND COOVERT, GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 307.]

REFUGEES COMING INTO GREENVILLE FROM THE BACK COUNTRY.

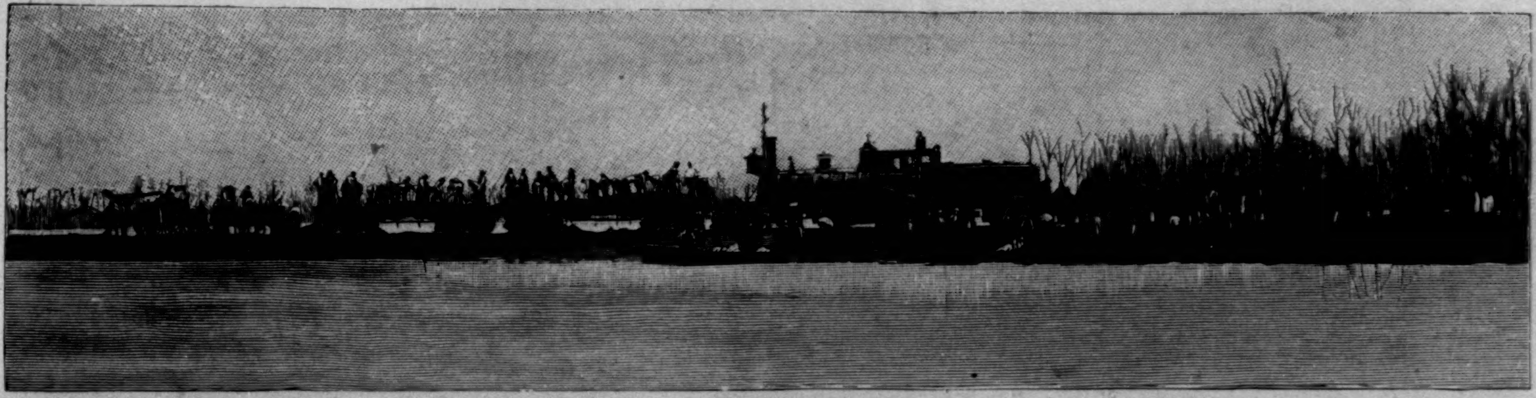
NEGROES CAMPING ON LEVEE ABOVE SKIPWITHS, MISSISSIPPI.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.



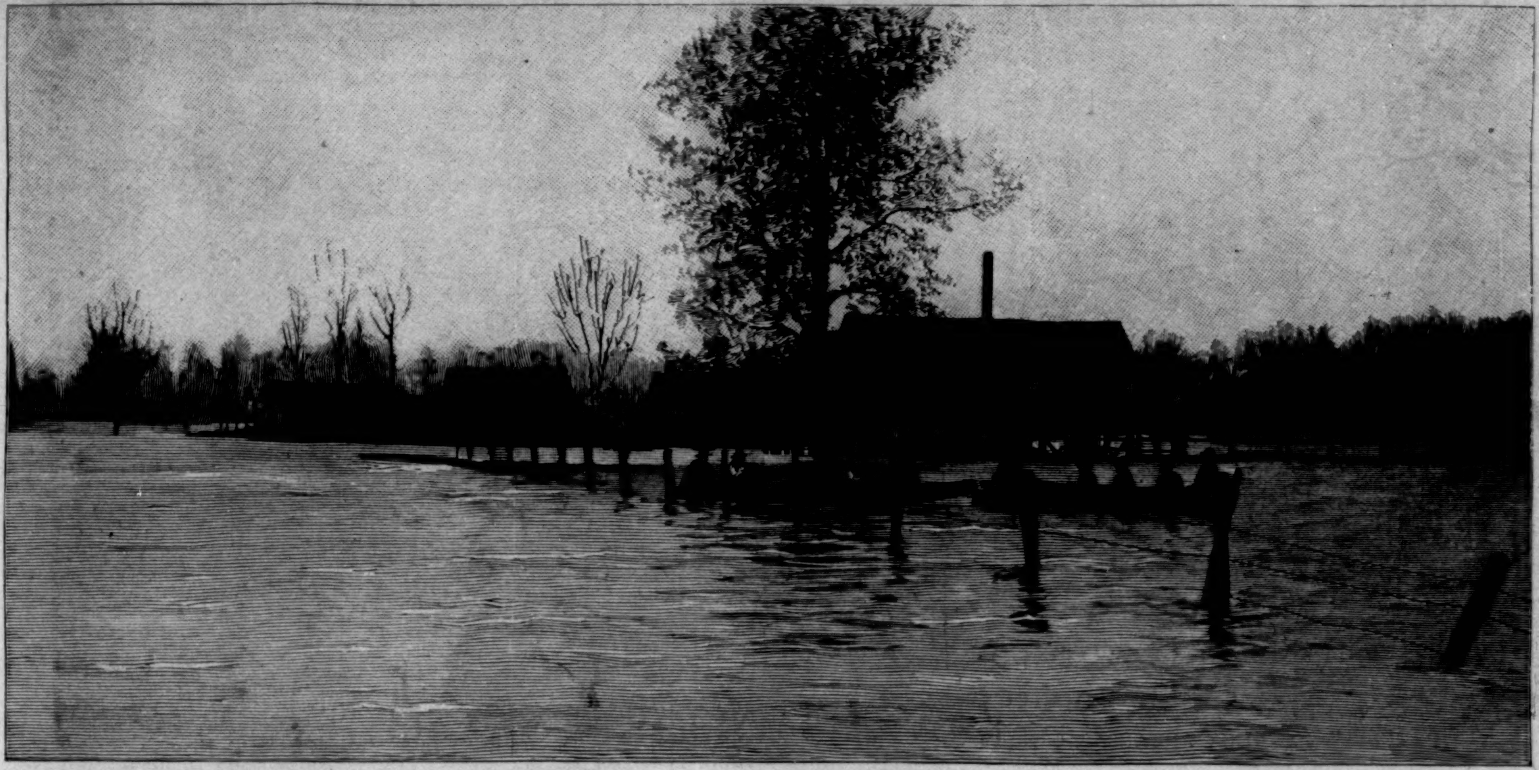
GENERAL VIEW OF SKIPWITHS, MISSISSIPPI, AFTER THE BREAKING OF THE LEVEE, MARCH 26.

POPLAR STREET FROM WASHINGTON AVENUE, GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI, AFTER THE WATER ENTERED FROM THE NORTH.

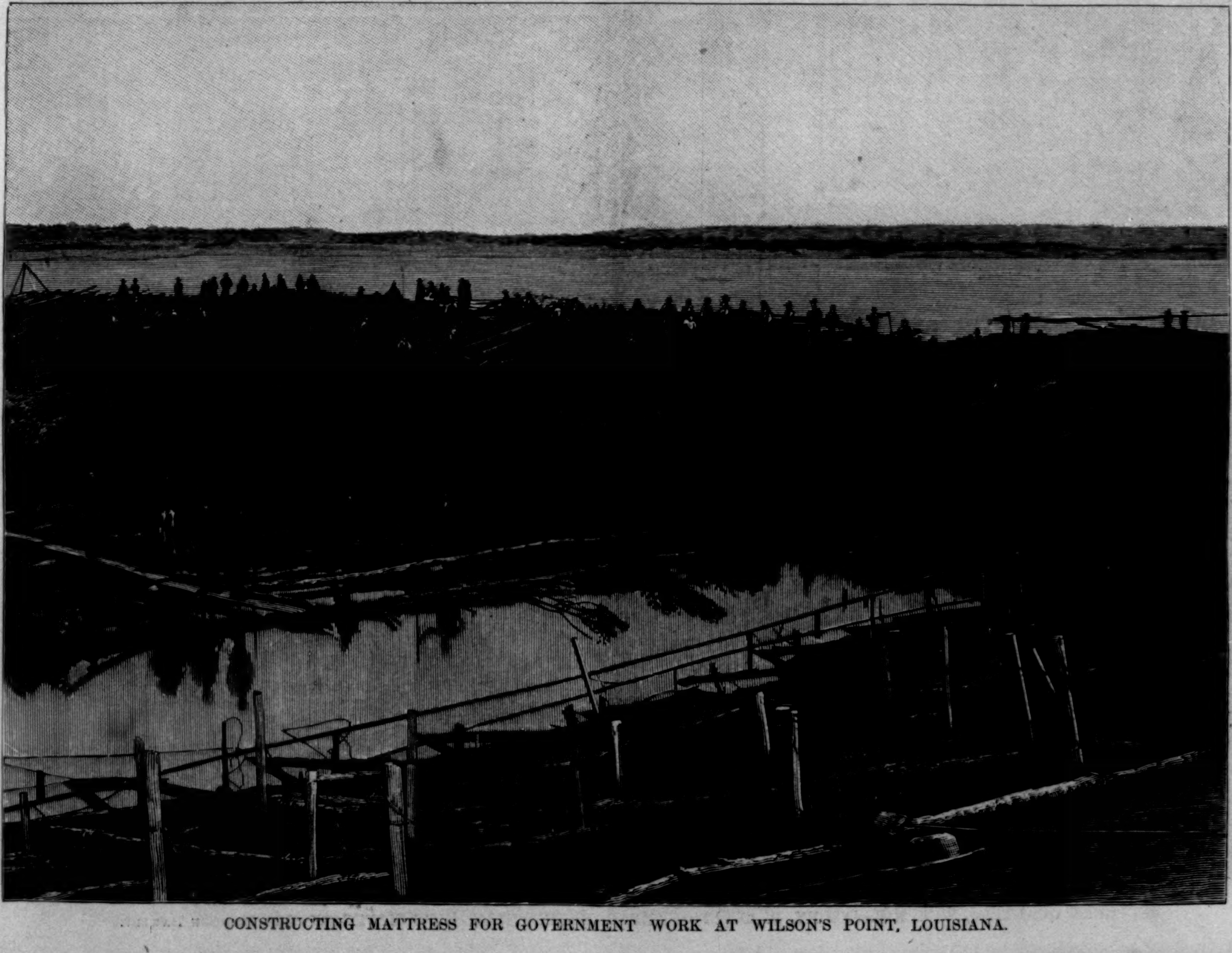
MATTRESSING THE RIVER FRONT, GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.



CONSTRUCTION TRAIN HAULING DIRT TO LEVEE, SUNDAY, MARCH 30.

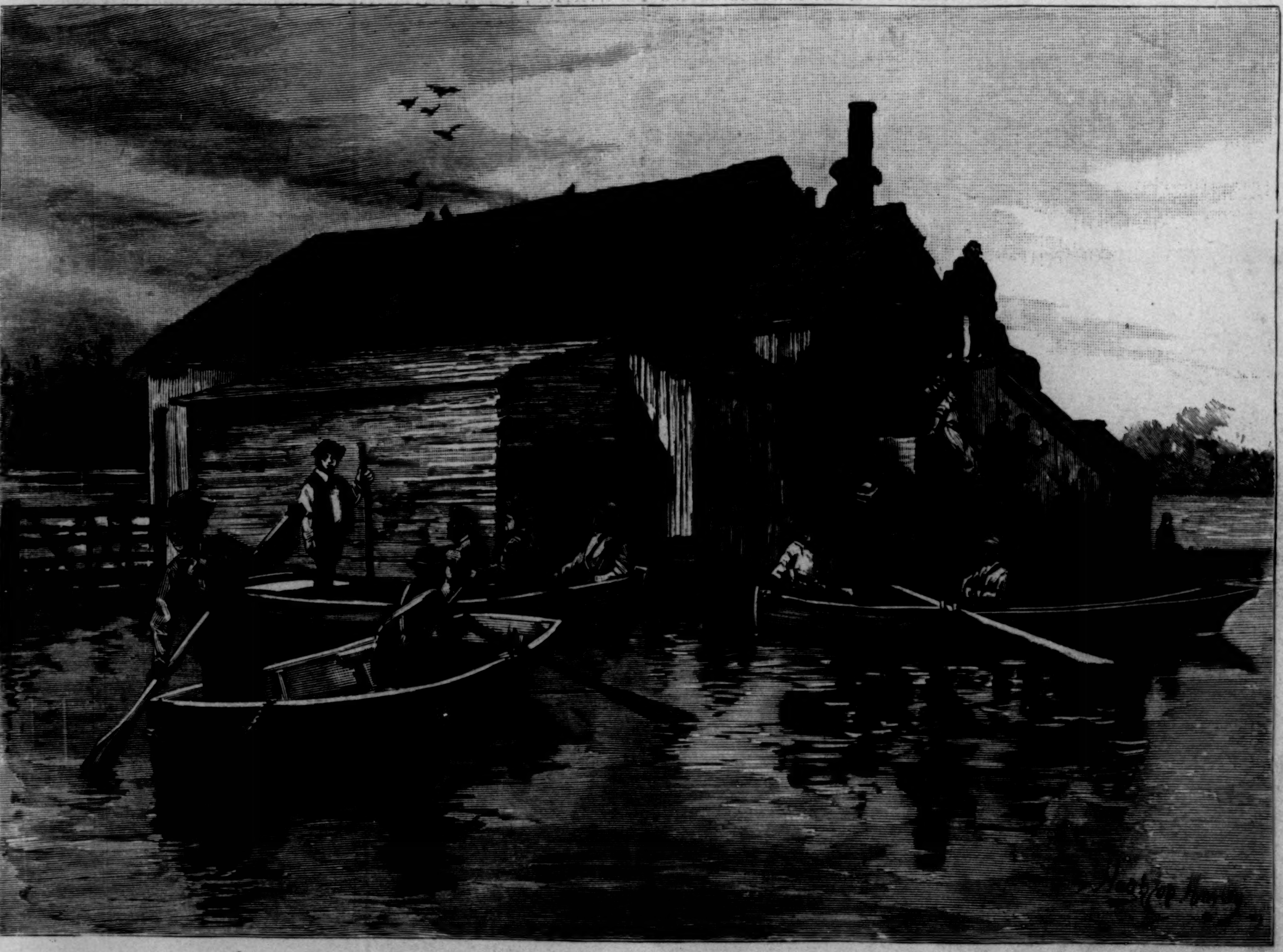


GIN-HOUSE AND CABINS ON W. E. MOLLINSON'S PLANTATION, NEAR MAYERSVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.



CONSTRUCTING MATTRESS FOR GOVERNMENT WORK AT WILSON'S POINT, LOUISIANA.

VAUCLUSE LANDING, ARKANSAS, TWELVE MILES BELOW GREENVILLE, DURING THE STORM.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.



REFUGEES' QUARTERS, W. E. MOLLINSON'S PLANTATION, NEAR MAYERSVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.

THE MEETING OF STANLEY AND EMIN PASHA.

THE STANLEY-EMIN RELIEF EXPEDITION.

To become an explorer in Africa—at any rate, to make an indelible mark—it would seem as if a previous training were essential. Before setting foot upon African soil, Mr. Stanley had, by a life of adventure, fitted himself in no ordinary manner for his great life's work.

Born at Denbigh, in Wales, in 1841, Stanley appears to have been educated at a school in St. Asaph. He has been described as having possessed as a boy a keen intelligence, high spirit, and determined will. He was, however, unusually sensitive, and did not appreciate chaff or humor; but he was not averse to act as ringleader in many boyish escapades. Geography and arithmetic seem to have been his favorite studies. When about sixteen a roving disposition became manifest, and apparently tiring of school life and a humdrum existence, he left home for Liverpool, and took a passage for New Orleans. There, searching for employment, he found it with one Henry Mortlake Stanley; and on the death of his employer, who adopted him, he took his name, dropping his own patronymic, John Rowlands.

The next event of importance in Stanley's life was his enlisting in the Confederate army, where he saw much service, being taken prisoner, however, at Pittsburg Landing. Here, at any rate, he gave proof of his remarkable courage and daring, for he escaped, under a storm of bullets, by swimming across the river. Some time after he again enlisted, but this time he took service in the Federal navy, and joining the flag-ship *Ticonderoga*, he filled the post of secretary to the Admiral, and remained in the service until the beginning of 1865. He obtained officer's rank for swimming under fire some five hundred yards and making fast a hawser to a Confederate ship, thus enabling her to be towed off a prize. We next hear of Stanley as a newspaper correspondent, and af-

ter seeing some service in the guerilla warfare against the Indians, he obtained the appointment of correspondent for the New York *Herald*, and accompanied the expedition to Abyssinia, thus entering Africa for the first time, the country where his great achievements were to be accomplished, and where he was to win undying fame. Stanley proved himself to be an intrepid and gallant war correspondent, capable not only of grasping the details of an expedition with remarkable rapidity, but also of forming his own opinions as to the tactics employed, and boldly criticising military proceedings. He distanced all other correspondents in telegraphing the results of the Abyssinian war to the New York *Herald*. This expedition, and a subsequent campaign in Spain, had proved his metal, and every one knows the story of how, in October, 1869, he was commissioned by Mr. James Gordon Bennett to find Livingstone.

It is unnecessary to repeat details, but Stanley had a roundabout route to take in order to reach his starting-point, Zanzibar. He had first to describe the opening of the Suez Canal; he then visited Palestine, Constantinople, and the Crimea; then on to Tiflis; thence through Armenia to Teheran; and on, *viâ* Ispahan, Shiraz, Bushire, from which place he sailed *viâ* Bombay to Zanzibar, where he arrived on January 6, 1871. This adventurous journey was graphically described in a series of letters to his paper.

It is no slight matter to record that during this remarkable tour he had, by exercising extreme caution and tact, succeeded in avoiding all untoward complications. At Zanzibar he had to exert his diplomatic skill; his expedition was to remain a profound secret, and yet he had to ascertain where Livingstone might be, and also to distance other proposed expeditions which were being got ready to bear him relief. He had utilized his time at sea by learning how to take astronomical observations; and so well had he utilized his opportunities, that the observations he afterward made in Africa would have done credit to a trained surveyor.

Those who have travelled in Africa know the difficulties of organizing a caravan and fitting it out, yet such was Mr. Stanley's energy that by February 5th he was ready to start with a caravan of two hundred men. He had two European subordinates—W. L. Farquahar and J. W. Shaw—both of whom had been mates. He also obtained the services of Bombay, Uledi, and Mabruki, who had been respectively in Speke, Grant, and Burton's expeditions. Salim, an Arab boy, who had been picked up at Jerusalem, was his interpreter.

We cannot follow Stanley's route from the coast to Ujiji; suffice it to say that on arriving at Unyanyembe he passed a caravan which had been sent to the relief of Livingstone by Sir John Kirk. He was compelled to leave here many of his men who were sick, including Shaw. At last, 236 days after leaving Bagamoyo, he caught sight of Tanganyika, and marched, with flags flying and guns firing, into the town of Ujiji, shortly after to grasp by the hand the veteran explorer he had come so far to aid. His mission was crowned with success, and he had achieved a triumph which was to bring his name into the foremost rank of African travellers.

Livingstone undoubtedly exerted a great influence upon Stanley, who managed to win his confidence, and he instilled into him a love of exploration which had probably hitherto been latent. They were, however, not to part until they had explored the northern extremity of Tanganyika, and in so doing came to the conclusion that Tanganyika had no connection with the Nile River system, for they found that the Rusizi River flowed into Tanganyika from the north, and not out of Tanganyika to the north as had been supposed. This put an end to Dr. Livingstone's theory that Tanganyika and the Albert Lake might have, in fact, some communication.

On December 27th Livingstone and Stanley parted—the one to return to the haunts of civilization, the other to turn once more to his patient, self-sacrificing work—work which was to be continued with failing strength, uncheered by European companionship, and only to be ended when the noble spirit quitted the weakened frame that so long had withstood the inroads of disease. The iron will which so long had borne the strain was compelled to yield at last, and quietly the great philanthropist passed away, tended by the faithful hands of his negro followers. After receiving Livingstone's last blessing, Stanley heard from his lips words which must have rewarded him for what he had undergone: "Well, I will say this to you, you have done what few men could do—far better than some great travellers I know—and I am grateful to you for what you have done for me. God guide you safe home and bless you, my friend." No time was lost by Stanley in his return march to the coast. Notwithstanding the flooded state of the country, onward the expedition marched. The elements seemed to fight against them; they had to battle with storms, to encounter swamps, and often nearly perished; but yet on May 8, 1872, they arrived at the coast, 525 miles having been traversed in thirty-five days.

Soon the news of Stanley's success reached Europe. At first it was hardly credited; the anxiety felt concerning Livingstone's safety had been so intense that the news was considered too good to be true; but when Mr. Stanley arrived in London with Livingstone's own diaries and letters, doubt was thrown to the winds, and he was received with the applause and gratitude of Livingstone's admiring countrymen. The toils Stanley had undergone had been indeed great. He had aged much, his hair had grown gray. But after a short rest, occupied in writing his celebrated book, *How I Found Livingstone*, he was again on the way for Africa, this time accompanying the British expedition to Coomassie, arriving at Cape Coast Castle in October, 1873. Space only permits of a brief reference to this expedition. It again added to Stanley's prestige as a newspaper correspondent, and on his return to England gave him the opportunity of writing another fascinating book, entitled *Coomassie and Magdala*,* which was published in 1874.

THE EXPLORATION OF THE CONGO.

We now turn to what we may call the fourth chapter in Stanley's African experiences, and for the first time we shall see him engaged as an African explorer pure and simple. The conception of this new expedition occurred under exceptionally impressive conditions. In Westminster Abbey the remains of the heroic Livingstone, the great missionary and philanthropist, were consigned to their last resting-place amidst the pomp and circumstance of a national mourning. Stanley, who had last seen Livingstone at Unyanyembe, stood by the open grave, and, standing there, he formed the resolution to take up the work which Livingstone had been unable to accomplish.

The mystery of Tanganyika remained to be solved. What was the Lualaba River, and whither did it wend its sluggish way?

* *Coomassie and Magdala.* The Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. By Henry M. Stanley. pp. xvi, 506. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Soon Stanley had made his arrangements, and under the auspices of the New York *Herald* and the London *Daily Telegraph*, he left England on August 5, 1874, and, accompanied by three Europeans and some 350 porters, he left Zanzibar on November 12th to perform one of his greatest feats.

The march to the south end of the Victoria Nyanza was rapidly accomplished, for on February 27, 1875, the lake was reached, and this, notwithstanding the desertion of some of the men, attacks of dysentery and fever, and want of food. Edward Pocock, one of Stanley's three European companions, died at Chiwyu. The natives also attacked the expedition for no less than three days. At Kagehyi, Stanley launched his boat, the *Lady Alice*, in which, accompanied by only eleven men, he circumnavigated the great lake. The voyage to Uganda was not without its dangers, and on several occasions it required the greatest tact and presence of mind to avoid conflicts with the natives. One fight, indeed, did take place near Uvuma, where the *Lady Alice* was surrounded by thirteen great war canoes. Stanley's heavy repeating rifle, however, rendered him good service, and by firing at the water-line of the canoes he pierced them through and through, so that to save their canoes from foundering the Wahuma were compelled to withdraw from the contest. At Uganda, Stanley met with a hearty reception from King Mtesa. He was received in great pomp, presents were showered upon him, and he saw for the first time a really great African potentate, who knew well how to insist upon courtly etiquette, whose government was based upon a feudal system, and whose warriors, estimated by Stanley at over a quarter of a million, were well-disciplined, and dreaded by the surrounding tribes. After a short visit, Stanley returned to Kagehyi to bring the whole of his expedition to Uganda. Calling at Bambiri, he and his companions nearly lost their lives, as the natives seized their oars, and then commenced a fierce onslaught. It is difficult to understand how they escaped, but escape they did, and using the boat-stretchers as oars, they sped from the inhospitable shore. Arrived at Kagehyi, after exploring more than 1000 miles of coast line, Stanley found his expedition in safety, but Barker, another of his white companions, had died in his absence. After a bad attack of fever, from which Stanley suffered, the whole expedition was transported to Uganda, having administered a severe punishment on the inhabitants of Bambiri.

It would be interesting, were it possible, to relate the stirring incidents which occurred during Stanley's residence with Mtesa. He met Linant de Belsfonds, one of Gordon Pasha's officers; he accompanied Mtesa on a warlike expedition to Uvuma, and aided the King by his counsels. He also set himself to work to convert Mtesa, and is said to have translated the whole of St. Luke's Gospel for his benefit, and to have written a synopsis of the Bible. His description of the religious conversations he had with Mtesa is extremely graphic. They ended in Mtesa professing to accept the white man's Book in preference to the Koran, and in Mr. Stanley publishing a letter in the London *Daily Telegraph*, urging that missionaries should be sent to Uganda.

This letter was acted upon by the Church Missionary Society, whose missionaries commenced labor in Uganda in 1877, and have carried on their work there up to the present time, with no inconsiderable success.

With regard to Mr. Stanley's letter, an incident little known may here be mentioned. He had given it to Linant de Belsfonds to send home. A few weeks afterward the latter was killed by the Baris, and when his boots were removed, previous to his burial, the letter was found in one of them, and was forwarded, with other letters, to Europe by Gordon Pasha, who related the circumstance.

Stanley utilized to the full his sojourn in Uganda by investigating the habits, customs, and traditions of the people, and he left it to visit, if possible, the Albert Nyanza. Owing, however, either to the treachery of the escort Mtesa had given him, or more probably to private orders given by the King, he was only able to visit a gulf, which he named Beatrice Gulf, and which now proves to be an arm of Lake Albert Edward, the latter draining into the Lake Albert.

Marching to the south, Karagwe was visited; the Alexandra Nile, flowing from the Alexandra Lake into the Victoria, was explored; and thence the expedition pressed onward to Tanganyika, which was likewise explored, Stanley coming across Cameron's route at the Lukuga River, which either flows into or out of Tanganyika on the west. Probably, in seasons when the rains have been great, some of the waters of Tanganyika do flow into the Lualaba, thus constituting Tanganyika as one of the sources of the mighty Congo.

It was soon after this that Stanley decided to follow the Lualaba whither it would lead him; and at this time, too, he met Tippoo Tib, with whom he entered into a contract to provide him with an escort, as many of his own men had died and deserted, thus weakening his effective force considerably. Apparently all was well, but, as Tippoo Tib has more recently proved, his word was unreliable. Soon his men, fatigued by the difficult marches, in which sometimes only six miles could be accomplished in a day, and frightened by reports of the cannibals who lived beyond, refused to proceed. By means of extra bribes and threats and promises, Stanley succeeded in keeping his escort together until reaching Ikondu, where he was obliged to release Tippoo Tib from his agreement, and having obtained twenty-three canoes from the natives, after several desperate battles, the expedition commenced its marvellous descent of the Congo.

It is difficult, indeed, to portray with any attempt at brevity the adventures undergone, the sufferings bravely endured, the attacks of natives heroically withstood, and the constant perils experienced by the expedition through famine or sickness or physical obstacles to their course. Sometimes two and three bodies a day were thrown into the river, and Stanley, writing of these days, once said:

"Frank and I endeavored our utmost to alleviate the misery; but when the long caravan was entering camp, I had many times to turn my face away lest the tears should rise at sight of the miserable victims of disease who reeled and staggered through the streets. Poor creatures! what a life! Wandering, ever wandering in search of graves!"

With regard to the physical obstacles encountered, they had sometimes to shoot the rapids; at others, owing to the passage of the river being impossible, they had to hew a road through almost impenetrable forest, and along this road had to drag their canoes, in order to launch them once more on the smoother waters below the falls.

In the Aruwimi district no less than twenty-eight pitched battles were fought on the river between the now diminutive expedition and the fierce natives jealous of the appearance of strangers from afar. To show the tremendous odds against which the expedition had at times to fight, on one occasion near Bangala they were attacked by sixty war canoes, no less than three hundred of the natives being armed with guns; yet, after a five hours' battle, Stanley conquered his foes, and the expedition sailed on in peace. At Massassa Falls, Frank Pocock, who had been of such inestimable value to Stanley, lost his life. He insisted on trying to shoot the falls, but, his boat capsizing, he was swept away and drowned. The mouth of the Congo was reached on August 9, 1877. No less than 7000 miles had been traversed by the expedition in 999 days. The mystery of the Congo was solved; and, after taking the few faithful followers who still remained to him to Zanzibar, Stanley once more returned to England to be loaded with fresh honors, and to be acknowledged as perhaps the greatest explorer of the age.

FOUNDING OF THE CONGO FREE STATE.

After spending 1878 in writing his great book, *Through the Dark Continent*,* we find the intrepid explorer, in January, 1879, again on his way to Africa, but this time under very different auspices, and with a remarkable object in view.

No sooner had Mr. Stanley landed in Marseilles in 1878 than he was met by an embassy sent by the King of the Belgians, Leopold II., inviting him to come direct to Brussels in order to confer as to a new expedition. It was hardly to be expected that a man just returned from such a journey in the heart of Africa, and after enduring all he had undergone, should be ready at a moment's notice, and on first setting foot on European ground, to return to the scene of so much disaster and suffering.

He said to the commissioners, "I am so sick and weary that I cannot think with patience of any suggestion that I should personally conduct it; six months hence perhaps I should view things differently, but at present I cannot think of anything more than a long rest and sleep."

Three weeks in Switzerland in July restored Stanley's jaded energies, and in August he was again approached on behalf of the King. In November he went to Brussels, where a committee was formed, assuming the title of *Comité d'Etude du Haut Congo*. By the 23d of January all was ready for a new enterprise, which was intended to open up the Congo to civilization and to commerce. Stanley was empowered to purchase land, to form settlements, to enter into treaties with the natives, and to place steamers on the navigable parts of the great waterway. Surely at last he had received a reward for his labors, but at the same time a task which few would have had the energy and pluck to undertake. He proved himself, however, equal to any emergency, and we shall now proceed briefly to describe his arduous work during the next six years.

After going to Zanzibar to enlist a number of men, Stanley arrived at the mouth of the Congo on August 14, 1879, almost exactly two years from the time that he had reached it after his memorable descent. On this occasion he had with him eleven assistants, five steamers and launches, two steel lighters, and a whale-boat, immense stores of all descriptions, as well as wooden houses and iron sheds. He commenced his first establishment at Vivi, forty miles above Boma, at the end of Livingstone Falls. It is a rocky spot, and in levelling it for building purposes Stanley gained the name by which he is now so well known on the Congo, that of Bula Matari (Breaker of Rocks). Having erected this station, the next business was to construct a road from Vivi to Isangila, a distance of fifty-two miles—a stupendous undertaking, for it was necessary for it to be a wagon road. A few abbreviated quotations in Stanley's own words will show the difficulties undergone. He had 106 men at his disposal. In making the road through grass-land comparatively little difficulty was experienced. Thus: "At mid-day the pioneers were formed in line, hoes in hand, along the road, and at a signal of uplifting the grass, began. By night there was a clean roadway fifteen feet wide and 2500 feet made." Sometimes, however, "during the progress of the work, the hollows, gullies, depressions, and many irregularities of surface along the roadway had been revealed. Much scrub and many trees, besides large rocks, stood exposed and isolated, but our axes, hoes, crowbars, and sledge-hammers had been distributed, and by the evening of the 22d wagons could roll in safety from the Vivi to the lower river." On March 28th the "temperature averaged eighty degrees Fahr. in the shade. We are carving our roads on both sides of the gorge, digging into the stiff red clay with strong Dutch hoes. The bottom of the gorge is 400 feet below the level of the plateau." Forests were cut through, and at a rocky promontory called Ngoma a causeway had to be built in the river itself for 400 yards. The progress of the road-making at this time averaged forty-two yards a day. No less than 366 days were occupied in making a road fifty-two miles in length. During this time Mr. Stanley had marched himself backward and forward no less than 2352 miles. Referring to the year's exertions, he says: "We must have had an unusual and sacred regard for duty, besides large hope that some day we should be rewarded with positive success after all this strenuous endeavor. That it was not a holiday affair, with its diet of beans and goat-meat and sodden bananas in the muggy atmosphere of the Congo Cañon, with the fierce heat from the rocks, and the chill, bleak winds blowing up the gorge and down from seared grassy plateaus, let the deaths of six Europeans and twenty-two natives and retirement of thirteen invalided wives, only one of whom saw the interior, speak for us. It has been a year dark with trial and unusual toil. Our little band of laborers are proud of the grand work their muscles have accomplished, but are more hopeful of the future, inasmuch as their labors, by means of the steamers, will be greatly lightened."

It must be remembered, too, that during the road-making all the provisions and *impedimenta* had to be carried from Vivi, as well as a steamer and a steam-launch. After completing the road, the station of Leopoldville was built, being finished by April, 1882. Mr. Stanley then went on an exploring expedition up the river, and following the Mfini, he discovered Lake Leopold, but severe fever attacking him, he was compelled to return to Europe for a few months. Four hundred miles of country had, however, been opened up, five stations established, and the boats launched on the navigable Congo above the rapids.

Stanley appears to have been, even from the first, greatly hampered by his assistants. They were continually resigning, suffering from home-sickness, or complaining about their rank, or the work allotted to them. One or two quotations will show Mr. Stanley's experience in this respect. On one occasion he writes: "If my work is to imitate the tourist conductor—to be, as it were, a Cook on the Congo, escorting engineers to make short excursions into the interior—I fear that my interest in the projects of the Comité will be but short-lived."

Referring to the frequent changes in the staff, he says: "I attribute the reason mainly to nostalgia, which requires wearisome repetition of paternal advice and fraternal encouragement. However salutary these may be for a short time, a little biliousness, a slight cold, or a trifle of over-

* *Through the Dark Continent:* or, The Sources of the Nile Around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa, and Down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean. With 149 Illustrations and Colored Maps. By Henry M. Stanley. pp. xxxv, 1088. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $10 00. New York: Harper & Brothers.

indulgence are sure to superinduce periodic attacks of ill-humor and bile of greater virulence, compelling me to again have recourse to the most tender letter-writing. When these attacks become chronic, people who, like myself, have rather serious and absorbing duties to perform, are very apt to despise such weak-minded petulance. Chronic home-sickness is held by travellers in much the same estimation as incipient sea-sickness is by sailors. The sailor laughs at the beginning, but pities the long continuance; the traveller is apt to scorn the continuance, but often sympathizes with the first attack." "I. . . .deprecate sending many Europeans, as in its present state the expedition is not ready for the reception of people who may become a burden by their never-ceasing demands for luxuries and medicine. Europeans mean more baggage. They have stomachs requiring good food; they are tender, and will require nursing."

Apart from trouble with his European assistants, Stanley had naturally some difficulties with the natives in procuring from them the necessary permission to settle in their country, but patience and tact generally smoothed matters. Sometimes, however, blood brotherhood had to be made.

On Stanley's return to the Congo in the end of 1882, he found that those he had left in charge had let affairs go to rack and ruin, and it took him some time to set matters right. He was soon, however, again on the upper Congo, and by May, 1883, he started with three steamers to establish stations along the river as far as Stanley Falls, a distance of 1413 miles from the river's mouth. By the beginning of 1884 treaties had been made with 450 independent chiefs, and nine fortified stations had been erected, and Stanley, who expected to be relieved by Gordon Pasha on his arrival at Leopoldville, found that the latter had proceeded to Khartoum, and that Colonel Sir Francis De Winton was to take his place.

After all his exertions on the upper river, one can imagine his disappointment when, on arriving at Vivi, he found that once more his subordinates had played him false. Referring to his arrival, Stanley writes:

"I seat myself, glass in hand, to scan what improvements have been made during our long absence in the interior, and I confess with regret that I cease from the survey, wishing earnestly that I could sponge out the history of this unhappy place from my tablet of facts. Were it possible to do so, I should be relieved from a burden of knowledge which infects my opinion of the Europeans. . . . But like him who sat and brooded and grieved over the ruins of Carthage, I can only grieve that my memory is haunted by so many shadows of puerile manhood and of figures of youth without substance."

One cannot wonder that Stanley writes bitterly when we read the following:

"On the top of the hill there are two houses less than I built, the garden is a waste, the fence broken down. . . . The houses look squalid, dilapidated, and unpainted. There are about twenty-five whites, most of whom appear as if they did not know how on earth they came or what business they had there. A few bear a truculent scowl on their faces, as though they were laboring under an uncommon load of trouble which they would gladly shuffle off in some manner."

In August, 1884, Stanley was able to report to his Majesty the King of the Belgians that the mission he had given him to perform in the Congo Basin was accomplished with vastly greater success than the most sanguine of those gentlemen who sat at the council held at the Royal Palace in December, 1878, could ever have anticipated. He says: "I have no reason to believe that his Majesty was displeased with the result of these long years of bitter labor."

Stanley had succeeded, after remarkable efforts, in founding a state in Central Africa. He had opened up the Congo Basin, with 5249 miles of navigable river, and country containing an estimated population of 43,000,000, with an area drained by the various rivers of 10,900,000 square miles. It remained for the coping-stone to be placed upon his magnificent erection, and in February, 1885, at a conference assembled in Berlin, the Congo Free State was finally recognized by all the great powers, and his Majesty the King of the Belgians was recognized as its monarch.*

CENTRAL AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

In order to rightly understand the events which led up to the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, organized and led by Mr. H. M. Stanley, it is necessary to refer both to the Central African slave-trade, and also to the annexations carried out on behalf of Egypt in the Nile Valley.

It will probably be remembered that in 1838 Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt, arrived at a small fishing village situated at the junction of the Blue and White Niles. At once grasping its strategical importance, he formed a settlement there, which gradually grew to be the important town of Khartoum. This settlement undoubtedly led to a great increase in the slave-trade. Already slave-traders had penetrated toward the south; but it cannot be said that before 1840 the traffic in human beings had been very considerable.

Subsequent to this date, however, ivory-hunters and slave-raiders—for these occupations were always combined—having a firm basis for their operations at Khartoum, extended their sphere of action, and yearly a large fleet of vessels sailed up the White Nile, returning the next year laden with white and *black* ivory. The trade prospered and grew apace—even Europeans became mixed up with it—and finally, about the year 1860, slave-raiders were to be found scattered over Darfur, the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and the equatorial districts of Africa, and some 40,000 slaves a year were brought down the Nile—a number which represented an enormous loss of life. The whole area indicated above was dotted over by the traders' seribas, occupied by ruffians of the deepest dye, who spent the time between the annual visits of their superiors from Khartoum in collecting ivory and slaves, and committing atrocities upon the inhabitants of the most terrible character.

It will be remembered that in 1863 (it was on the 2d of February) a meeting took place at Gondokoro, on the White Nile, between Speke and Grant, returning from their splendid expedition to the Victoria Lake, and Baker, afterward Sir Samuel, who, being anxious at their long delay, had fitted out an expedition, and, accompanied by his wife, was on his way to find and relieve them. This meeting led to great results. Baker discovered the Albert Lake; but he also saw enough of the slave-trade to fill him with horror, and, on his return home, such were the accounts he gave of the scandalous state of matters that a strong public interest was aroused, and pressure was brought to bear upon Ismail, Khedive of Egypt, to do something to stop the inhuman traffic. The result was that Baker was commissioned by the Khedive to fit out an enormous expedition, to place steamers upon the White Nile above the sixth cataract, and, proceeding to the south, he was instructed to annex the country in the name of the Khedive, and to free the natives from the slave-traders' yoke.

Space forbids details of the way in which Baker carried out his expedition. He placed the steamers upon the White Nile; he founded stations at Gondokoro, Fatiko, and Massindi, and in these districts, it is true, he delivered a mighty blow to the slave-dealers. But the evil was only scotched, not killed. And why? The reason is not far to seek.

The Egyptian officials at Khartoum favored the slave-trade, and Baker was constantly hampered by their action. He had been compelled, too, to limit his operations to the White Nile, leaving untouched the enormous district drained by the Bahr-el-Ghazal and Bahr-el-Arab, lying to the west; and no sooner had he retired from his labors than the trade sprung up again with renewed vigor. It is just possible that at this time interest in the equatorial regions might have flagged had it not been for Schweinfurth, who from 1869 to 1871 had explored the Bahr-el-Ghazal and Monbuttu districts, and who in his travels had come across the great slave king Zebehr, and published a most graphic description of the power possessed by this man, with his hundreds of soldiers, his thousands of slaves, who was living in right regal state in the centre of a densely populated district in the Bahr-el-Ghazal. Thus interest was not allowed to flag, and in 1874 Gordon Pasha was commissioned by the Khedive to take up Baker's work, to further consolidate the province, and, if possible, to open it to commerce. It would lead us too far from our present purpose were we to follow out in detail Gordon's work.

It is sufficient to say that he placed two steamers on the Albert Lake, that he founded stations throughout the whole of the district, that he entered into friendly relations with the natives, and thoroughly freed the Equatorial Province from the slave-traders. He too, however, saw how useless it was to hope to check the trade by simply confining his attention to a limited though large area, whilst all his endeavors were nullified at Khartoum, and he therefore retired from his post. His work, however, was not yet finished, for in 1877 he returned to Khartoum as Governor-General of the whole Soudan—a district some 1,600,000 square miles in extent. During the preceding ten years the Egyptian Soudan had extended very considerably, for Senaar, Kordofan, Darfur, and the region of the Bahr-el-Ghazal had all come under Egyptian rule. One is tempted to enlarge upon Gordon's work as Governor-General, but a knowledge of his heroic labors should be fresh in the public recollection, and we are compelled to refrain. We now pass on to a subject of more present interest, namely, the reason why Emin Pasha became Governor of the Equatorial Province.

EMIN PASHA.

When, in 1886, letters from Emin Pasha were published in Great Britain, speculation was rife as to who he was, and from that day to this all manner of erroneous accounts of his individuality and apocryphal stories concerning him have been published far and wide. This is hardly to be wondered at, perhaps, as only two or three Englishmen had ever seen him, and he was practically unknown when his first appeal for help arrived. We have no intention of writing his biography, still a few words regarding his origin and the way in which he became Governor of the Equatorial Province will not be out of place.

The following quotation is abbreviated from *Emin Pasha in Central Africa*, a book which was published in 1888, being a collection of his letters and journals: "Edward Schnitzer was born on March 28, 1840, in Oppeln, in the Prussian province of Silesia. He is the son of the late Ludwig Schnitzer and his wife Pauline. His father was a merchant. His family removed in 1842 from Oppeln to Neisse. After being educated in the Gymnasium in Niesse, Edward Schnitzer commenced the study of medicine in 1858 at Breslau University. He completed his medical education in Berlin, where he attended the university during 1863 and 1864, and graduated. A strong desire to travel and a great love for natural history which distinguished him as a boy led the young medical man to look for a sphere of work in a foreign land. He left Berlin at the end of 1864, and went to seek a practice in Turkey. Chance led him to Antivari and Scutari, where he obtained the confidence of the Vali, Mushir Divitji Ismail Hakki Pasha, from whom he received a post on his staff, and whom he accompanied on his official journeys throughout the various provinces of the extensive district under his jurisdiction. In this way Schnitzer became acquainted with Armenia, Syria, and Arabia, and at length arrived in Constantinople, where Hakki Pasha died in 1873. In 1875 Dr. E. Schnitzer paid a visit to his family in Neisse, and remained there for a few months, devoting his leisure hours to the study of natural history. The desire, however, for travel came over him again, and he went to Egypt in 1876, and joined the Egyptian service as Dr. Emin Effendi. He was ordered to join the Governor-General of the Soudan at Khartoum, and from there was sent to act as chief medical officer in the Equatorial Province, of which Gordon Pasha was then Governor."

It has caused considerable discussion and surprise that a German should have an Eastern name. Some people, however, do change their names, although not always for the reason which Emin did. With reference to it he writes in 1871:

"Here in Trebizond, too, my good-fortune has not forsaken me, and I have quickly gained a reputation as a doctor. This is due to the fact that I know Turkish and Arabic as few Europeans know them, and that I have so completely adopted the habits and customs of the people that no one believes that an honest German is disguised behind the Turkish name. Don't be afraid; I have only adopted the name. I have not become a Turk."

The name he chose, Emin, "the Faithful One," has turned out to be a very appropriate one, and certainly no one has ever proved himself more worthy of bearing such a name as a description of his character.

Having now shown how Emin and Gordon became acquainted, it is only necessary to mention that Gordon fully appreciated Emin's remarkable powers, and during the two years in which Gordon was near the equator he utilized Emin's abilities by sending him on tours of inspection throughout the country, and he also sent him on three dangerous diplomatic expeditions—two to Uganda, and one to Unyoro.

When Gordon left the Equatorial Province in 1876, it was, as was mentioned above, well organized and peaceful, but it was suffering under a very heavy debt, due to the initial cost of Baker's expedition and its annexation, and it was administered with a deficit of rather over £30,000 a year.

Gordon soon found out that the Governors who had followed him had, with the exception of Mason Bey, who was only Governor for a few months, permitted the province to go to rack and ruin; and he therefore, in 1878, appointed Emin to be its Governor. Most men would have shrunk from undertaking such a position, and to Emin, with his scientific tastes, it was a very uncongenial task.

He took up the work, however, with remarkable energy, and with rare administrative ability, and there is ample testimony to prove that in a remarkably short time he was perfectly successful in bringing his province into a satisfactory condition. Emin's knowledge of men and of languages, and of the habits and customs of the people he had to rule, now stood him in rare stead. He was not compelled, as had been other Governors, to trust to interpreters in his dealings with the natives, for he had already mastered their languages; nor had he to trust to the honesty of his secretaries, for, being able to read Arabic, they were obliged to write what he desired, and not, as had been formerly the case, to receive instructions and to write as they thought fit.

So energetically did he administer his province that a number of useless officials were sent back to Khartoum, stations were rebuilt, and the province peaceably extended both toward the east and to the fertile districts of Makraka on the west. Economy, too, had been introduced in the administration, and instead of a deficit, he had in 1882 a profit of £8000. Apart from this, he had once more cleared the province from the slave-dealers, as likewise the province of Rohl, which was placed under his jurisdiction. It might be supposed, and it has been supposed, that in doing all this work Emin was carrying out a line of policy suggested to him, and that he was upheld in his authority by strong arms at Khartoum. Nothing could be further from the truth. Every one will acknowledge that Emin had learnt much during his contact with Gordon, but critics fail to understand that from the time he was appointed Governor of the Equatorial Province until Gordon's retirement from Khartoum in 1879, only one single steamer went from Khartoum to Lado, conveying instructions, wages, and barter goods. This was owing undoubtedly to the Nile having become blocked in 1878; but in estimating Emin Pasha's work, a fact of such importance ought not to be overlooked, as it enhances tenfold the appreciation which must be given to the work. Again, it has been suggested that so long as Emin could get rid of objectionable officials from his province, so long all went well. It is forgotten that the reverse obtained, and that officials who were obnoxious at Khartoum were sent to the equator for punishment, and it is only too true that in many cases Emin was compelled to utilize the scourings of Khartoum because he had no other material to employ. Subsequent to Gordon's leaving Khartoum in 1879, the officials at Khartoum took no interest in the Equatorial Province whatever; at least the only interest they did take was to send a few steamers conveying prisoners, but no salaries or barter goods, in order to bring down the ivory, India-rubber, ostrich feathers, and what not, which Emin's industry had collected, to swell the coffers at Khartoum, or, to speak more accurately, wherewith to feather their own nests.

Apart from all the labors of government, and notwithstanding all the journeys Emin was compelled to take throughout the immense district under his rule, and the jealousy and unsatisfactory characters of the men he was compelled to employ, his scientific labors were still continued. The amount of work he did for science can only be appreciated by scientific men, and as it is only proposed in this article to sketch his position in broad outlines, the interested reader must be referred to his published work, which proves his patience as an observer, his accuracy as a scientific worker, his aptitude as a philologist, and his knowledge of the habits and customs of those among whom his lot was cast. Enough has probably been said to interest readers in Emin's personality. It now remains to be shown how it was that he became isolated and shut off from the world, still retaining the government of his province, and still upholding the torch of civilization until such time as he had fondly hoped he should be relieved, not, be it said, in order to retire, but so that he might continue the work which he had carried on so long unaided and unappreciated save by a few who knew of it.

THE REVOLT IN THE SOUDAN.

Current literature has been so full during the past few years of the Mahdi's rebellion, that it will only be necessary to briefly summarize the events which occurred between 1880 and the fall of Khartoum in January, 1885.

As a matter of fact, few people realize the enormous extent of the Egyptian Soudan in Gordon's time, nor is it appreciated how hampered he was during the last year or two by want of support from Cairo. Ismail Pasha had frankly and honestly upheld him. After his abdication matters wore a different aspect. Difficulties occurred too near home perhaps for Cairo officials to interest themselves much in aught else save their own intrigues, and the actions of the various European nations were not at that time calculated to promote the prosperity of Egypt or its dependencies.

During the time that Gordon had been Governor-General of the Soudan, he had been fighting tooth and nail against the slave-trade and corrupt officials; and although successful in suppressing the one and curbing the other, he had not had time to change the national character, nor to uproot the apathy, corruptness, and greed which inspired so many of his native subordinates.

No sooner had he, then, laid down the reins of government than the state of the Soudan commenced rapidly to relapse into a condition of chaotic misery. Brutal officials recommenced their tyrannical oppression, the people were taxed far above their ability to pay, and injustice reigned supreme. The slave-trade broke out once more; and what wonder that the down-trodden people, who had so recently experienced even-handed justice and the beneficent rule of a great and noble man, were discontented, sullen, and ready at the least provocation to turn upon their oppressors, and to endeavor by force of arms to regain their freedom?

Various revolts had occurred during Gordon's rule—revolts which had been instigated in the interests of the slave-trade by Cairo Pashas, and, not least, by Zebehr, whose power Gordon had broken, and who utilized all means, hoping against hope to recover his pristine power. These revolts had been unsuccessful, partly on account of the energy with which Gordon and his brave subordinate, Gessi, had crushed them; partly, too, because a factor was wanting with which to eliminate the previous blood feuds of the Arab tribes, and to weld them into union.

This power was found when Mahomed Achmed, professing to be the Mahdi, raised the banner of revolt at the island of Abba, preaching a religious war against the oppressors. Success after success followed his arms, until finally, in spite of active British interference and the return of Gordon to Khartoum, the whole of Egypt's power over her dependencies collapsed, with the exception of the province held by Emin Pasha. What, then, had Emin been doing during this time when such events convulsed the Soudan?

* *The Congo and the Founding of its Free State.* A Story of Work and Exploration. By HENRY M. STANLEY. pp. xxxviii, 1012. With over One Hundred Full-page and Smaller Illustrations; Colored Maps and Marginal Notes. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $10 00. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FOREST DWARFS EATING SNAKES.*

In April, 1882, knowing the grave state of matters, he came to Khartoum, and tried to impress the officials there with the necessity of prompt action. From Khartoum he wrote: "At the present time the situation in the Soudan is grave indeed. You will have heard of the so-called Mahdi, the chosen of God, and of the rebellion he has commenced; you can therefore excuse me writing a criticism upon these events, which must fall out to the disadvantage of all parties. Blind fanaticism and unnecessary deeds of violence, cowardly delays, and fear and indescribable conceit, insane measures, and perfectly intolerable insolence, are the factors which have sufficed to overthrow the mental balance of even the most clear-headed for the moment. Under these circumstances I offered to throw the whole of my weight into the scales to prevent final collapse; to use my whole influence, my position as Turk and at the same time as European, and the whole of my knowledge of languages and persons, to avert a calamity."

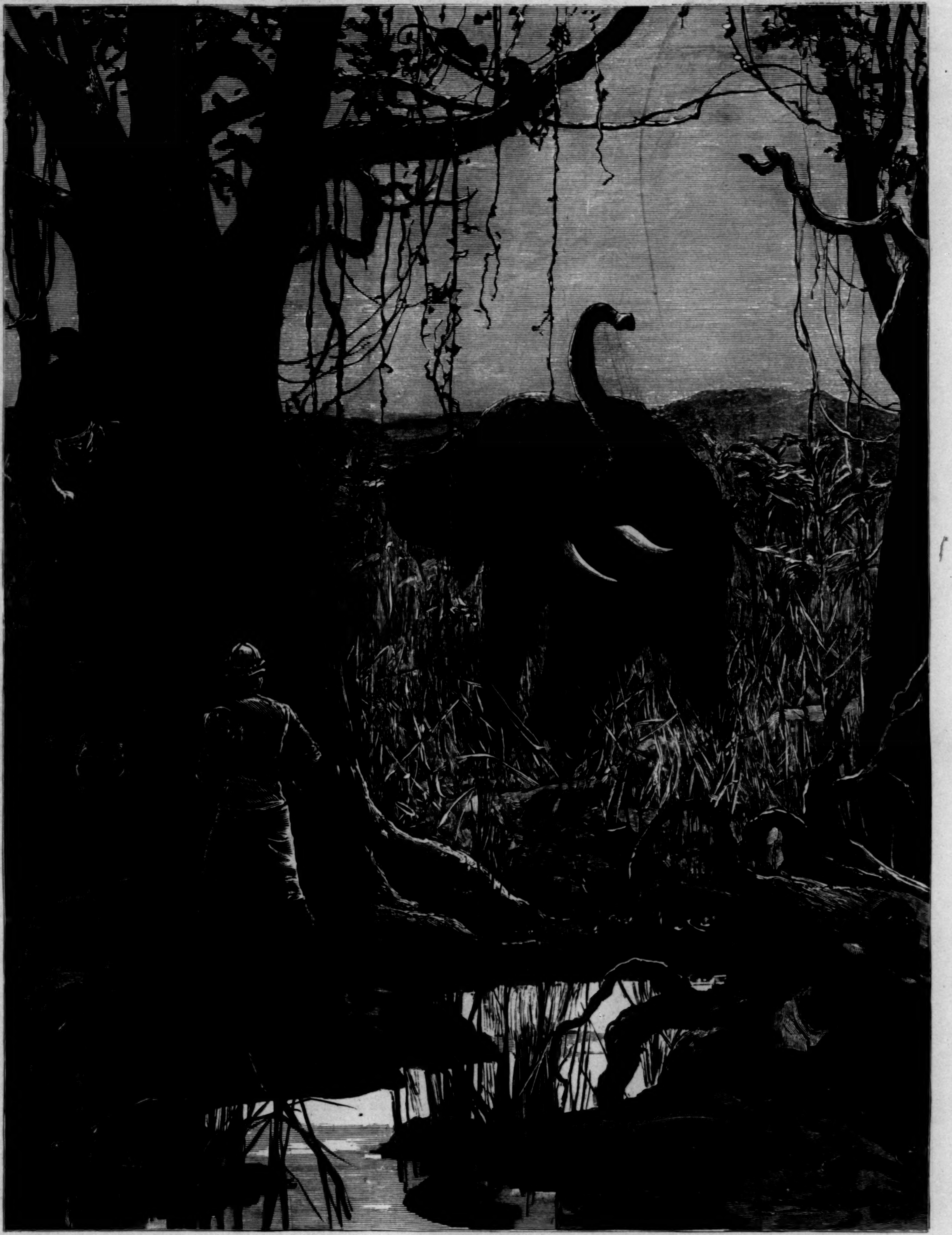
Emin's advice and assistance were ignored. He was told to mind his own business, to return to his province, to hold it for his government, and to see to it that the Mahdi's influence did not extend to it. He obeyed the order, returned to Lado, and from that time he remained completely shut off from all knowledge of what happened in the Soudan. From April, 1882, when Emin returned to Lado, no steamer went up the Nile until 1889, when the troops steamed up to Rejaf, about thirty miles to the south of Lado.

EMIN'S ISOLATION.

Month after month Emin expected relief to arrive from Khartoum, and still no rumor even reached him of the tragedy which was being enacted in the Soudan deserts. Supplies ran short, his men had not received pay for years, and yet he held on to his post, striving to do his duty both to his government and his people. All remained at peace until September, 1883, when the Dinkas in the neighboring pro-

* These snakes are non-poisonous; they give forth a most savory smell when cooking, and several of the expedition tasted them, much to their satisfaction. They have plenty of fat on their bodies (the snakes), and are sometimes from three and a half to four feet in length, and very thick. None of the party were bitten by snakes throughout the whole expedition.

The dwarfs are about four feet in height, and live entirely under the shade of the large forest trees. They are of a rich brown color, and are entirely covered with a soft short down. They were as a rule very treacherous, and their first instinct was to let fly one of their poisoned arrows, of which they generally carried fifteen or twenty (not feathered) at the party; some of them, however, attached themselves to the party as carriers, etc., and one young woman became particularly attached to one of the officers, with whom she acted as carrier, cook, etc., for nearly twelve months. She would speak to no one else, and showed much reluctance in returning to her tribe when the expedition finally left the forest. They are unable to live in the sun, and therefore remain almost entirely in the forest. Their sole garment (male and female) is a narrow belt (a grass rope) under which they insert in front and behind a twig covered with green leaves; when this is worn out it is thrown away and replaced by another. They live almost entirely on roots and vegetables, occasionally indulging in snakes, birds, and monkeys, and are not averse to human flesh when procurable.



LIEUTENANT STAIRS CHARGED BY A WOUNDED ELEPHANT.*

vince of the Bahr-el-Ghazal revolted, and Lupton, the brave Governor of that district, was compelled to succumb to treachery on the part of his own men. It may be mentioned here that Lupton's brave defence of the Bahr-el-Ghazal province has passed almost unnoticed by the European press, and yet how heroically he struggled!—in one year alone twenty pitched battles being fought by him against his foes. He was at length carried a prisoner to Khartoum, where he recently died.

It was only in May, 1884, that Emin's real difficulties began, for the rumor of the collapse in the Soudan then reached his province, and in August, 1884, it was attacked by the Mahdi's troops under Kerem Allah.

A few abbreviated quotations from Emin's letters written during the next year will serve to show better than any summary could do the difficulties of his position, and they will at the same time serve to rebut some of his critics, who would have us believe that he was ignorant of his real difficulties, and also of the character of the men with whom he had to deal. In one letter he says:

"Ever since the Arab occupation of the Bahr-el-Ghazal—I will not say its conquest, since everything that has been gained there has been gained by treachery—we have been most vigorously attacked, and I feel that I cannot give you an idea of the admirable devotion of my black troops throughout this long war, in which, for them at least, there can be no advantage. Destitute of the various necessities of life, and with their pay long in arrears, they fought most resolutely, and at last, after nineteen days of hardship and privation, weakened by hunger—the last shred of leather, the last boot having been devoured—they forced a gap in the enemy's ranks and made good their escape. These brave fellows endured all this misery with perfect disinterestedness, without prospect of reward, simply because they were prompted by a sense of duty, and were desirous of exhibiting their bravery

* The elephant, meeting a warm reception, retired after his first charge, and was no more seen, having been only slightly wounded. Lieutenant Stairs avoided the charge of the elephant by dodging behind a tree, the attendant blacks vanishing in various directions, and being conspicuous by their absence for a considerable time.

Many elephants were at times seen at a distance with large ivories, and had the officers of the expedition had time to devote to the chase, a large amount of ivory might have been obtained.

to the foe. Whatever doubts I may ever have had of the negro, the history of the siege of Amadi has convinced me that in resolute courage the black race is inferior to none, and in the spirit of self-sacrifice is superior to many. Without any highly skilled officials to direct them or to give them orders, they performed miracles; and it will be difficult for the Egyptian government to give them any worthy proof of its gratitude."

In a letter written on December 1, 1885, Emin explains fully the difficulties of his position, how he has lost hope, having heard through Kerem Allah of Gordon's death and the fall of Khartoum, which, by-the-way, his people would not believe, and that Dr. Junker (who will be referred to immediately) had decided to try and make his escape through Uganda to Zanzibar, and he describes the necessity of massing his troops together, and retiring gradually to the south. He writes, "If we collect together, it is perhaps possible, with good management and the ammunition we have in hand, to maintain our position for another year, which may be long enough to send letters and men to Egypt and receive an answer. But will Messieurs les Officiers obey orders?"

On March 3, 1886, he writes, referring to an official despatch from Cairo, the first he had received for years. "The Egyptian despatch written in French informs me that the government is unable to assist us, for the Soudan is to be given up, gives me *carte blanche* to take any measure I please till I decide to leave the country.... In Egypt and elsewhere they have certainly no notion of the difficulties of my situation. They simply suggest to me the way to Zanzibar, just as they would a walk to Shubra. You will have perceived, from the information contained in the foregoing pages, that I cannot depend with any certainty on my own officers. The greater part of my men, especially the officers, have no desire to leave the country. Most of our soldiers, coming as they do from our own districts (Makraka, Dinka, etc.), and having never seen Egypt, naturally prefer to remain here and live as their fathers did, while the negro soldier sent here from Egypt, whether he be an officer or a private, has forgotten in the lapse of years what strict discipline means. [Emin Pasha was not ubiquitous; he could not be continually visiting all the stations in his large territory, and therefore he was perforce compelled to trust to a great extent to his officers.] Further, he has adapted himself to the country to such a degree that it has quite taken the place of his native land. Each has his family, often a very large one, if all its dependents be counted, and each has his couple of goats or cows.

"Every one knows that the journey is long and the toils great, that many days of hunger and hardship lie before him, and that when he arrives in Egypt the loose bonds of discipline will be tightened again, that he must then say farewell to the 'Mrisa' jug, and that the 'Ta' âli, ya valad' (Come, oh boy) and 'Rhu, ya valad' (Go, oh boy) must come to an end. ....Then consider how little attention has been shown to our soldiers from Khartoum, and how they have been left without supplies, without clothing, without pay. But enough; you can now understand why the men do not wish to move. Besides, it is quite impossible to make a Soudanese understand why the government has given up the Soudan, and he refuses in so many words to believe that a horde of Danagla is able to crush a well-trained army. Even now it is believed here that the news of General Hicks's defeat in Kordofan is a fiction.

"All my efforts during the last twelve months to concentrate the men in the south have had no other result hitherto than to draw from the First Battalion stationed at Lado and the neighborhood, or at any rate from the officers, a categorical declaration that they would not give up Lado, etc. Now if I send copies of the order from Egypt, written in French, too (was this not almost criminal folly?), it will at least be considered a fabrication—that is, a device of my own—and will not be obeyed. But something worse may happen, for when the people are once convinced of the impotence of the government, universal anarchy may ensue, and the destruction of all the white men may be the result.... Added to my misgivings about my own men, who may place all kinds of difficulties in my way, not from ill-will, but from unfathomable and unconquerable stupidity, I have a foreboding that one of these fine days the Danagla will suddenly come down upon us in steamers. It is certain that they will not leave us in peace, and equally certain that they will occupy these districts again as soon as possible. They have men and weapons enough now, and the resistance of the negroes will soon be broken down if a thousand or two of such scoundrels appear well-armed."

On April 5, 1886, he writes:

"The situation in this country is still a very gloomy one. As I wrote before, the greater part of our people do not wish to retire from here. If I could only get the negroes to let the Egyptians retire, I am quite ready to remain myself."

And in a letter written on April 20th, the same year, he categorically explains that "the men have agreed amongst themselves not to go south, for they maintain that the way to the seat of the government does not run southward, and that no one believes any news coming from the south." He says also, "I am hourly expecting to hear that open rebellion has broken out in Lado."

Only one more quotation need be added to this already long list. It is from a letter written on May 15, 1886:

"We are just as we were; the men will not move, and the few who are inclined to make the journey dare not speak their minds. Moreover, the disagreement between the Soudanese and the Egyptians becomes more marked every day, and hatred of the latter is openly expressed, only a few of them who enjoy a fairly good reputation being spared. This is certainly not undeserved, for the Egyptian gentlemen (?) have always treated the Soudanese *en canaille* in spite of all my warnings; but now the tables are turned. I endeavor to mediate as much as possible, but can this go on long? I have made a fresh attempt to bring the men to reason; if this too fails, I must resign myself to circumstances, and reserve the show of authority which I still possess as long as I can. If the worst comes to the worst, the only thing I can do will be to put the reins into the hands of the oldest Soudanese officer, and withdraw, if possible, to Kabarega's."

The foregoing quotations are from letters which were published as soon as received from Emin Pasha. After reading them, can any one suggest, as has been suggested, that Emin had concealed the state of matters in his province? Surely not. And it is only scant justice to set him right with the public. Any one realizing the difficulties of his position can but marvel that he faced them so long, and was even able to temporize until the long-looked-for expedition for his relief arrived.

JUNKER AND CASATI IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Before referring to the way in which news of Emin Pasha's situation arrived in Europe, a few sentences must be written concerning two other Europeans who were in Emin Pasha's province. Dr. Junker, the celebrated Russian traveller, had been exploring the sources of the Welle from 1880. Unable to return to Europe *viâ* Khartoum, he visited Emin, and decided to try and make his way to Zanzibar *viâ* Unyoro and Uganda. He had great difficulty in passing through Unyoro. After all the years, however, of patient wandering amongst native tribes, he stuck manfully to his purpose, and at length succeeded in passing through those countries, and in due time, as we shall see, he arrived safely at Zanzibar.

Captain Casati was sent out as a correspondent to the geographical review, *L'Exploratore*, an Italian paper, and from the end of 1879 he had also been exploring the districts of the Djur, Dinka, Makraka, and Mombuttu. In Emin's endeavors to enter into correspondence with Egypt *viâ* Zanzibar, he had requested Casati to take up his residence with Kabrega, King of Unyoro, and to endeavor to maintain a post-route between the Equatorial Province and Uganda. Casati suffered much at the hands of Kabrega, but he managed to maintain a *modus vivendi*, until, at length, in 1888, Kabrega stripped him naked and drove him into the forest, from whence he managed to make his way to the Albert Lake, where Emin Pasha was fortunate enough to rescue him. Thus it came to pass that Emin and Casati were together on Mr. Stanley's arrival at the Albert Lake.

THE MISSIONARIES IN UGANDA.

Had it not been for the presence of Mr. Mackay, of the Church Missionary Society, who was residing in Uganda, and the self-denying and noble way in which, knowing Emin's difficulties, he exerted himself on his behalf, in all probability a catastrophe like that which happened at Khartoum would have taken place at Wadelai. Mackay, however, with admirable patience and tact, managed to pacify King Mwanga's fears, got him to permit Junker to enter and pass through Uganda, and also enabled Emin's correspondence and a caravan of goods Junker was able to purchase for Emin from the Arabs at Mwanga's court to pass through the country. Emin's gratitude to Mackay has been often expressed, and he richly deserved it, for it was a matter of no little danger to obtain these concessions from such a suspicious and bloodthirsty King.

It will be seen, then, that owing to Mackay's aid, Junker was able to proceed on his way to Zanzibar. Arriving there, he lost no time in publishing to the world Emin's position and Emin's need; and we shall now proceed to describe the response with which it met in Great Britain, and the steps which were immediately taken to send aid to Gordon's last lieutenant, who had been cut off from civilization for so many years, and whose difficulties and dangers have been so briefly sketched above.

ARRIVAL OF NEWS FROM EMIN.

On October 27, 1886, news was received in Great Britain that Emin was still holding his post in central Africa. Emin's letters were written from Wadelai to Dr. Felkin, of Edinburgh, who had visited his province in 1878, and to Mr Allen, of the Antislavery Society, London, with whom Emin had been in correspondence regarding the slave-trade.

Emin's appeal for help was immediately published, and it is curious now to look back on the utter ignorance of the public then concerning the existence of either Emin or the Equatorial Province. Now every one is more or less acquainted with the subject; then hardly a dozen men knew of Emin's work. Dr. Felkin brought the subject under the notice of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, and the council petitioned her Majesty's government to be permitted to organize an expedition for Emin's assistance. The Antislavery Society, too, petitioned the government to take measures for Emin's relief, and in a very short time his difficulties were realized by the public at large, and the keenest interest was felt both in the man personally and in the steps taken to send him help.

MEASURES FOR EMIN'S RELIEF.

On the 8th of December, 1886, Lord Iddesleigh, her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, announced that the government itself was unable to take active steps in the matter, but that "some private persons in this country have offered to organize a relief expedition of a pacific character, under the guidance of Mr. H. M. Stanley. The offer has been approved by her Majesty's government, and a sum of money will be given in aid by the Egyptian government."

This announcement served to stimulate interest. All manner of speculations were rife as to who the "private individuals" were, and as to whether Mr. Stanley—who, it was known, was on a lecturing tour in America—would really consent to go; and a discussion as to the character of the expedition and the route it should take to reach Wadelai took place in the daily papers. Opinions seemed to be unanimous that the character of the expedition was to be pacific, and most authorities capable of judging advocated one or other route starting from Zanzibar. It was at first thought, too, that Mr. Stanley himself was in favor of an east coast route.

By the end of December all doubts both as to the nature of the expedition and its leader were set at rest by the arrival of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the redoubtable African explorer, in London. He had thrown himself heart and soul into the project, and was ready to lead the expedition himself. Interest was therefore focussed upon him, and all that he said on the subject was seized upon with avidity. The money was readily provided, Sir William Mackinnon most generously guaranteeing the whole sum required. Ten thousand pounds were given toward the expedition by the Egyptian government, £1000 was voted by the Royal Geographical Society of London, another £1000 was subscribed by two members of the Royal Geographical Society of Scotland, and several leading newspapers contributed to the fund on condition that they should be allowed to publish Stanley's letters.

During the next three weeks Mr. Stanley must have had a trying time. No less than five hundred applications were received of every variety from persons wishing to accompany him on his quest. The enormous stores in connection with the expedition had to be provided, including a steel boat in sections and a Maxim-gun. Meanwhile, at Zanzibar, Consul Holmwood and Mr. George Mackenzie were engaging porters for the expedition, and in Egypt a company of Soudanese soldiers was being prepared to accompany it. Mr. Stanley had also paid one or two flying visits to Brussels, and by January 23d all was ready for a start, Stanley's chosen companions being Major Bartelott, Captain Nelson, Lieutenant Stairs, Dr. Parke, Mr. Bonny, Mr. Monteney-Jephson and Mr. Jamieson. Mr. Ward and Mr. Rose-Troup were also associated with the expedition on the Congo.

START OF THE EXPEDITION.

On January 20, 1887, the *Navarino* left London with Mr. Stanley's staff on board and all his outfit. Two assistants embarked at Liverpool direct for the Congo, being commissioned to engage 1500 porters to transport the baggage from Matadi to Stanley Pool, where, as was mentioned in describing Stanley's founding of the Free State, he had constructed a wagon road. Stanley went *viâ* Brindisi himself, leaving London on January 21st, thus gaining a week in Cairo to consult with the Egyptian government and Drs. Junker and Schweinfurth.

On February 22d Stanley and his staff arrived at Zanzibar, where it was found that the steamer *Madura*, which was to convey the expedition, *viâ* the Cape, to the mouth of the Congo, had just arrived. On February 23d an event took place which really sealed the fate of the expedition. As soon as it was made known it created consternation, and its advisability was keenly criticised. Stanley, with the aid of Consul Holmwood, entered into a contract with the renowned slave-dealer Tippoo Tib. The reason for this step was somewhat as follows. A disturbance had taken place between the Arabs and the Congo State Station at Stanley Falls. The Arabs had attacked the station and driven out its garrison, and they threatened to descend the Congo and destroy the other stations on that river. Stanley's own account of the affair reads as follows:

"While at Brussels I was consulted by his Majesty the King of the Belgians respecting Tippoo Tib and his designs on the Congo State. I advised that he should be employed as an agent of the Congo State, it being a far cheaper and more humane method to disarm his hostility than the costly method of force, and I was intrusted with the mission to negotiate with him. With the aid of Mr. Holmwood, Tippoo Tib was enlisted as the salaried Governor of Stanley Falls region, whose duty it would be to arrest the advance of the Arabs down the Congo, and to save its rich and populous banks from the devastation which I saw in 1883 had already commenced below the Falls. I also obtained his signature to a formal contract, drawn up by the acting Consul-General, that he would furnish me with a contingent of 600 Manuyema carriers, to be paid for at the rate of thirty dollars *per capita*, to assist in the porterage of the goods and ammunition for Emin Pasha's force; for which promise I gave him a free passage for himself and ninety-six of his followers from Zanzibar to Stanley Falls, and also free rations."

It will be seen in the sequel how Tippoo Tib kept his promise. It may be mentioned that Tippoo Tib is in verity a nickname for Hamid ben Mohammed, it having been given to him on account of a peculiar movement of his eyes. Lieutenant Becker thus describes him:

"The son of a Zanzibar Arab and a Marima woman, Tippoo Tib has resided for ten years in the Manuyema district, where he enjoys an unbounded popularity, not only in his own, but in the adjoining districts, where he is known as a man who would heartily disapprove of any unneighborly acts. From his immense plantations, cultivated by thousands of slaves, all blindly devoted to their master, and from his ivory trade, of which he has the monopoly, he has, in his duplex character of conqueror and trader, succeeded in creating for himself in the heart of Africa a veritable empire, in which, though he is nominally a vassal of the Sultan of Zanzibar, his authority is supreme. Though not of pure Arab blood, the Arab characteristic seems so far predominant in him as to dispose him instinctively to the exercise of patriarchal virtues. His self-command, his indomitable courage, his capacity for business, his far-sightedness, his rapid power of decision, his unfailing success, and a certain chivalrous attractiveness of manner combine to make him, like Mirambo, a kind of hero, celebrated by all the rhapsodists of Oriental Africa."

It is probable that this account of Tippoo Tib is slightly over-colored. He broke his contract with Stanley previously, when the latter was on his first descent of the Congo in 1876, as has been mentioned above, and that he is a veteran slave-dealer who has devastated immense districts of country probably his most creditable apologists will not deny. The probability is that the mere fact of choosing the Congo route rendered the co-operation of Tippoo Tib necessary. Indeed, it seems difficult to know what else Stanley could have done, for the Manuyemas had taken Stanley Falls, and if the expedition had gone into that territory, armed as it was, it would have been attacked, and probably destroyed; but the fact of Tippoo Tib being with them disarmed—at any rate at first—Arab suspicions.

The expedition sailed from Zanzibar on February 25th, having on board 800 men, all told; and Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo, was reached on March 18th, after a successful voyage. They had only three deaths, and writing at this time Mr. Stanley says:

"I do not know of any expedition from Zanzibar to the Congo which has had such a wonderful immunity from sickness. Ten per cent. is the usual rate of reduction from the numbers of the physically fit....There was a row soon after leaving Zanzibar; the 620 Zanzibaris and ninety of Tippoo Tib's men crowded the Soudanese into a hot and stifling place between-decks. Strangers all round them, and none understanding their guttural Arabic, the poor fellows became frantic, and abused the strangers right and left. This led to blows. Sticks, clubs, and firewood flew in all directions, and the matter looked serious. We dashed in, however, with our sticks, and flourishing them in earnest, the Zanzibari mob was driven back."

The expedition was soon transferred to five river steamers, and sailing past Vivi, they reached Matadi on the evening of the 20th, and landing next day, arrangements were made for marching on. The caravan was divided into seven sections, each under command of a European. A correspondent describes the start of the expedition somewhat as follows: "A shrill and piercing blast from a marine fog-horn, provided with a huge gong worked by a piston, sounded the *réveille*. In a moment every one was astir, the porters all rushing to get their loads and appointed places, shouting and gesticulating, whilst the Europeans rode madly about upon their donkeys trying to bring order out of confusion. In about half an hour, however, all fell into their places. The Soudanese soldiers formed the vanguard, next followed the Somalis and the Zanzibaris with their loads; Tippoo Tib followed, the flags were unfurled, and with another blast from the horn the march commenced."

Mounted on a donkey that had been handsomely caparisoned for the occasion, Stanley took the head of the column. By his side marched one of his boys bearing the Stars and Stripes—an overt demonstration that, notwithstanding his English birth, and in spite of his being in the service of the ruler of the Congo and in command of an Anglo-Egyptian expedition, he does not forget, nor intend it to be forgotten, that he is an adopted citizen of the United States.

It was not to be expected that men fresh from a long sea-voyage would be in good condition for marching, carrying at the same time loads of seventy pounds' weight, yet, nev-

ertheless, the 235 miles from Matadi to Leopoldville, Stanley Pool, was covered by April 21st. But in the march sixty-three men and twenty-eight rifles were lost, three-fourths due to desertion—a peculiarity which characterizes all caravans composed at Zanzibar. Matters do not seem to have been very favorable to the progress of the expedition through the Congo Free State, and on arrival at Stanley Pool Mr. Stanley found, doubtless to his surprise, that fresh difficulties were placed in his way.

At any rate he writes: "The same disposition that we found at Banana Point to obstruct our advance and to glory in our misfortunes was strongly manifest at Stanley Pool. The steamers promised by King Leopold were not ready, and even with the best good-will of the commandant, M. Leibrichts, only the *Stanley*, steamer, was available after a certain amount of repairs. The *En Avant*, steamer, had neither engines nor boilers; the *Royal* was beached on the shore, a hopeless and unseemly wreck; the *A. I. A.*, steamer, was at Bangala Station, 500 miles away. There remained the *Peace*, steamer, of the Baptist Mission, and the *Henry Reed*, steamer, of the Livingstone Inland Mission; but the missionaries were loath to lend their steamers. Meanwhile I had the dissatisfaction of learning that a body of armed men, nearly 800 strong, had been invited by the sovereign of the state to march through a territory which was utterly unable to support its own soldiers, and that they were encamped at the *entrepôt* of the upper Congo without the prospect of being furnished with even one meal from the country itself."

Mr. Stanley had formerly experienced the way in which the Congo Free State was managed in his absence, but, nevertheless, he seems not to have expected the difficulties he would meet with. Fortunately, however, difficulties only stimulate him, and so he was able to bring order out of chaos, and after the utmost exertion the expedition arrived on the 16th of June at Yambuya, on the Aruwimi, after a river voyage of 1050 miles. Stanley had to leave Ward and Bonny's detachment of 131 men at Bolobo, and 600 loads of goods in store at Leopoldville.

Tippoo Tib and his people were sent to Stanley Falls under charge of Major Bartelott, the Arab chief promising that in nine days after his arrival at his station he would set out with 600 porters to join Mr. Stanley, and accompany him to the Albert Nyanza.

The critical point of the expedition had now arrived. Stanley had been utterly deceived as to the condition of the Congo Free State, and the possibilities of transporting so large a force through its territory. He had arrived, as he believed, within a comparatively short distance of the Albert Nyanza, but many of his men and loads could not arrive for some time. It was only natural that he should be most anxious to fulfil his brilliant forecast. This can be seen in all his letters. A gain of two days here is mentioned, a loss of three there, and he knew with what almost breathless anxiety his expedition was being followed by the whole of the civilized world. With his full force, march he could not. What, then, was to be done?

After mature deliberation, and trusting in Tippoo Tib's loyalty, he decided to divide his forces, and to march himself with a body of picked men to the Albert Nyanza, leaving Major Bartelott in command of the camp at Yambuya to follow in his trail as soon as might be. No one can wonder that Stanley came to this decision. He remembered the fall of Khartoum, and the bitter cry of "Too late! too late!" which has resounded ever since that catastrophe took place. He did not wish the same cry to be raised in regard to his own expedition, and therefore to him every day's delay was simply a spur to rapid action. Having seen that a strongly fortified camp was erected at Yambuya, and having given Major Bartelott a letter of instructions how to act, Mr. Stanley collected together an advance column of 389 men, rank and file.

The instructions given to Major Bartelott were explicit: "March after us as soon as you can march, even supposing Tippoo Tib does not send the requisite number of men; it will be your duty to march if you can; and as it is of vital importance that the goods left under your care should reach us in safety and in as great an amount as possible, it will be better for you to make double marches—that is to say, make a short march, deposit your loads, and return for more. We will blaze the trees for you, so that you may have no difficulty in following the route taken by us." It is quite evident that Stanley did not anticipate what subsequently happened, nor did he think he should be away for so many months, because in one sentence of his orders he says: "We may assume that we shall not be longer than a fortnight with him (Emin Pasha) before deciding on our return to this camp along the same route traversed by us when going east." And again, referring to the possibility or otherwise of Bartelott being able to take all his loads with him, he writes: "If you still cannot march, then it would be better to make marches of six miles twice (if you prefer marching to staying for our arrival) than throw too many things away."

Having, as he thought, left everything in a satisfactory condition at Yambuya, Stanley plunged into the forest region on June 28th, and there we will leave him for the present in order to relate what happened to his rear-guard during his absence.

FATE OF THE REAR-GUARD.

Major Bartelott, including the contingent which had been left behind at Bolobo, had 271 men, and an enormous amount of stores under his charge, and this part of the expedition experienced a year of the most disastrous inaction. Bartelott and his companions were daily expecting the arrival of Tippoo Tib and his promised carriers; none, however, arrived. Sickness broke out in the camp, and fever and dysentery decimated the detachment, no less than 112 of the carriers succumbing; Ward and Rose-Troup were invalided home.

In African expeditions it is a well-known fact that inaction breeds disease; it appears, too, that the unfortunate men were not able to get proper provisions. They were also depressed by want of news from Stanley. Only rumors reached them, brought by deserters and Arabs, who related the difficulties Stanley was encountering, and on more than one occasion his death was reported.

It would be painful to dwell upon all the sad incidents which happened until June 11, 1888, for it was only upon that day, eleven months after Mr. Stanley's departure, that Tippoo Tib had provided Bartelott with some of the porters promised. He had made all manner of excuses for the delay in carrying out his contract, and even when the men did arrive he delayed matters as much as possible by various subterfuges.

Bartelott's expedition arrived at Banalya on July 19th, and early the next morning a tragedy took place which brought the rear-guard to an untimely end. Bartelott was shot by a Manyuema named Sanga, in consequence of his ordering the natives to stop singing and tomtoming. As a result, Mr. Bonny was left in charge of the camp, and Mr. Jamieson went back to obtain assistance, but he overtasked his strength, and a violent attack of fever ended his career on August 17th, at Bangala, without his having been able to make the Europeans at the station understand what was the object of his coming.

In referring to this disaster, Mr. Stanley writes: "These tragedies and catastrophes, which reduced a completely equipped and well-organized column of 271 men, rank and file, to 102 meagre, starved, and anæmic souls, were due, in the first place, to the breach of contract by Tippoo Tib and to his method of prevarication and dissimulation, to which crooked manners the young officers of the rear column were strangers. They were led on little by little by repeated promises, uttered with fervor and apparent sincerity, to delay their march in the track of the advance column, in the hope that the promised contingent of porters from Tippoo Tib would arrive. They did finally arrive eleven months after date; but in the mean time the rear column, consisting of Zanzibaris and Soudanese, had lost three-fourths of their number in the camp from disease, anæmia, and manioc poison. One hundred graves contained the bodies of 100 faithful fellows who had died within eleven months of idle and useless camp life."

SUSPENSE.

When Mr. Stanley started from Yambuya, it was his intention to march as rapidly as possible in a direct line to Kavalli, a village situated at the southwestern corner of the Albert Lake. The distance in a straight line was about 300 miles, and it was hoped that in two months the goal would be reached. But from the time that this expectation was published, fully fifteen months elapsed before news arrived as to Stanley's whereabouts. He was veritably lost in central Africa. During this time the utmost anxiety was expressed as to his fate and the fate of the little band he led. Surmise was rife, reports as to disease and death decimating the expedition were more or less credited, and on several occasions accounts of Stanley's death were telegraphed both from the east and west coasts of Africa. A most circumstantial account arrived too at Suakin, saying that the Mahdi's emissaries had arrived at Lado, and that Emin and Stanley had been taken prisoners and were in chains.

The report in question was contained in the following letter received by the Governor at Suakin: "In the name of the Great and Merciful God, this letter is written by one of the lowliest servants of Allah to the Chief Kalifa. We advanced with the steamers and reached the town of Lado, where Emin, the Mudir of the Equator, had his quarters. We arrived there on Safar 26th, 1306. We owe our thanks to the officers and soldiers who made our victory easy. Before our arrival, they had captured Emin and a traveller who was with him, and had put them in irons. The officers and men refused to go to Egypt with the Turks. Tewfik sent to Emin a traveller called Stanley. By Stanley he sent a letter to Emin ordering him to go back with Stanley. To the rest of the forces he gave the option of going to Cairo or remaining where they were. They refused to obey the Turkish orders, and received us joyfully. I also send a copy of the letter which was written by Tewfik to Emin, and I send besides the flags which we have taken from the Turks. I understand that another traveller had arrived to join Emin, but he had left again. I am seeking for him, and if he returns, I shall certainly take him prisoner. I have found all the chief officers in residence delighted to receive us. I have taken all the arms and ammunition. I instruct you to send back to me the officers and the head commissioners when you have seen them and given them your directions. They will be of service to me.

"(Signed) OSMAN SALEH."

The news raised public excitement to the highest pitch. It was very generally discredited; only very few of those who knew the country believed it, and they were laughed at, when at last a telegram was received by Reuter's Agency, and communicated to the House of Commons by Mr. Goschen. It was to the following effect:

"ST. THOMAS, *December* 21, 1888.

"Letters from Stanley Falls, dated August 21, 1888, state that on the previous day a letter had been received from Stanley announcing that he was at Banalya, on the Aruwimi; he had left Emin Pasha, eighty-two days previously, in perfect health and well supplied with provisions. He had retraced his steps in order to bring up his rear company and their loads. He had arrived at Banalya on the 17th of August, and expected to start again in ten days to rejoin Emin. All the white men belonging to the expedition are well."

Mr. Goschen's communication was received with immense enthusiasm, as it apparently disproved the reported capture of Emin, and it also indicated that Stanley had been successful in his expedition.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED.

Before proceeding to follow Mr. Stanley's adventurous journey, it may be well in the briefest possible manner to state succinctly the course of events which took place from the time of the advance of the expedition from Yambuya until it left the Albert Lake for the coast with Emin Pasha and Captain Casati in April, 1889.

Stanley marched to the Albert Nyanza, and he arrived there on December 13, 1887. No news was to be obtained of Emin, and as Stanley was unable to procure a boat by means of which to send in search of him, he was compelled to retrace his steps in order to procure his boat which he had been obliged to leave behind some ninety-five miles short of the lake. This he did, then returned for the second time to the lake at the end of April, 1888, and on May 1st Emin and Stanley met. They staid together until May 25th, then, as Mr. Stanley was anxious about the fate of his rear-guard, it was arranged that he should return and seek for it, and in the mean time Emin and Mr. Monteney-Jephson should proceed to the various stations, read the Khedive's instructions, and collect together all those who wished for Mr. Stanley's escort to the coast. Stanley then left the Albert with his expedition, retraced his steps to the edge of the forest district, made there an intrenched camp, under command of Stairs, Nelson, and Dr. Parke, and then marched to the Aruwimi, collected the remnants of the rear-guard, and for the third time marched to the Albert Lake. On his arrival there he learnt that Emin and Jephson had been taken prisoners, but they managed to escape and rejoined him in a few days. They reported that Lado and Redjaf had been captured by the Mahdi's troops, who were subsequently repulsed at Dufli. It turned out then that Osman Saleh's letter was correct in almost every particular.

This brief summary has been given because even now many people do not understand how it was that Stanley arrived three several times at the Albert Lake.

FROM YAMBUYA TO THE ALBERT LAKE.

On June 27, 1887, Stanley broke camp at Yambuya to commence his celebrated march. All were in high spirits, hope and confidence were strong, and the expedition little realized what lay before them. Lieutenant Stairs commanded the advance-guard, a picked company of seventy-five soldiers armed with rifles and hatchets to cut a pathway through the forest for the main body of the expedition. Progress, however, was not to be rapid, for fierce and warlike tribes barred the way, resenting the progress of strangers through their country, and every device which the arts of savage warfare knew was utilized to impede their progress. Cunningly devised pitfalls were constructed to entrap them, and, worse than this, the pathways were guarded by spikes concealed by leaves, which grievously wounded and incapacitated the unwary porters. Many men were placed *hors de combat* by this means, as their lacerated feet festered, and they were unable to march, and had to be left behind. Nature, too, combined with man to obstruct advance. The underwood was dense and interlaced with strong creeping plants; in fact the expedition had to plough its way through one continuous unbroken primeval forest, which maintained the same aspect, density, and character across nearly four and a half degrees of longitude.

From July 5th to the middle of October the expedition clung to the river, and they were able to utilize their boat and some canoes to transport some of their baggage and their wounded and sick men.

"The river retained a noble width—from 500 to 900 yards—with an island here or there, sometimes a group of islets, the resort of oyster fishermen. Such piles of oyster-shells! On one island I measured a heap thirty paces long, twelve feet wide at the base, and four feet high. Such a land for flies, insects, and butterflies! The butterflies congregate round me as I write this statement, and flap their wings in approval of this statement. There are clouds of them sailing daily up and across stream, which last four hours."

Describing the forest, Stanley writes: "We were then introduced into the difficulties which more or less would impede our movements and arrest rapid progress. These consisted of creepers, varying from one-eighth of an inch to fifteen inches in diameter, swinging across the path in bow lines or loops, sometimes massed and twisted together, also of a low dense bush, occupying the sites of old clearings, which had to be carved through before a passage was possible. Where years had elapsed since the clearings had been abandoned, we found a young forest, and the spaces between the trees choked with climbing plants, vegetable creepers, and tall plants. This kind had to be tunnelled through before an inch of progress could be made. The primeval forest offered least obstruction, but the atmosphere was close, stagnant, impure, and an eternal gloom reigned there, intensified every other day by the thick black clouds charged with rain, so characteristic of this forest region.... The mornings were generally stern and sombre, the sky covered with lowering and heavy clouds; at other times thick mists buried everything, clearing off about 9 A.M., sometimes not till 11 A.M. Nothing stirs then; insect life is asleep, and the forest is as still as death; the dark river, darkened by the lofty walls of thick forest and vegetation, is silent as a grave. Our heart-throbs seem almost clamorous, and our inmost thoughts loud. If no rain follows this darkness, the sun appears from behind the cloudy masses, the mist disappears, and life wakens up before its brilliancy. Butterflies scurry through the air, a solitary ibis croaks an alarm, a diver flies across the stream, the forest is full of a strange murmur, and somewhere up river booms an alarm drum.

"The quick-sighted natives have seen us; voices vociferate challenges. There is a flash of spears, and hostile passions are aroused.... At Avisibba, about half-way between Panga Falls and the Nepoko, the natives attacked our camp in quite a resolute and determined fashion. Their stores of poisoned arrows they thought gave them every advantage; and, indeed, when the poison is fresh it is most deadly. Lieutenant Stairs and five men were wounded by these. Lieutenant Stairs's wound was from an arrow the poison of which was dry. It must have been put on some days before. After three weeks or so he recovered strength, though the wound was not closed for months. One man received a slight puncture near the wrist; he died from tetanus five days afterward. Another received a puncture near the shoulder, in the muscles of the arm; he died six hours later than the first case of tetanus. One was wounded in the gullet—a slight puncture; he died on the seventh day. I believe one wounded in the side died at night the same day. Tetanus ended the sufferings of all.... These poisons are prepared in the woods; in the depths of the forest the savage makes his fire, and prepares the fatal venom which lays low even the large elephant. It is forbidden to cook it near a village. In the forest he smears his arrows, and having covered the points with fresh leaves, lest he himself might be a victim, he is ready for war. I could write a book almost on the various species of bees found in this forest region, and several books might be written about the multitude of curious insects we have seen. What with the bees of all kinds, the various kinds of ticks, gnats, etc., our lives have been made just as miserable as they could well be. We were prepared to encounter the most ferocious cannibals, but the central African forest, now open for the first time, contains some horrors within its gloomy bosom that we were not prepared for."

Apart from the fighting and the loss of men it entailed, ulcers, famine, and dysentery sapped the strength of a great number of men. "The whole of October, though we had only about fifty miles to travel, was spent in gaining the settlement of Kilonga-Longa's, and sending relief parties back to the survivors of those we had left behind. Fungi and wild fruits sustained us, and those who could not get sufficient of the strange things we lived upon perished, or deserted the starving column to die elsewhere."

One of the reasons why Stanley had taken the Congo route was to avoid the Arabs, but he had the misfortune to meet them in this forest, where they were engaged in their usual occupation of devastating the country, collecting ivory, and killing or enslaving the population. Stanley was compelled to leave fifty-six men at Ugarrowwa and thirty-three more at Kilonga-Longa's.

Referring to this, and to the bad treatment which he and his men received from the Arabs, he writes:

"It was doubtful whether they were any better off in this Moslem settlement than in the uninhabited forest. Yet we had no other option; the ulcers were most rabid, a slight wound or a pimple in the foot or leg would develop in three or four days to the most ghastly sores, several inches in diameter, and penetrating to the bone. It was a terrible sight, and this ulcerous disease raged like an epidemic.